

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

THE world seems to be mostly filled with little people. When there is talk of a reasonably great man retiring from public life a general alarm is sounded from one end of the country to the other that everybody of even apparent magnitude may get into sight. The small gatherings of men of ability who think themselves big enough to occupy a large space are the harshest possible criticism of Canadian methods of development. The rumor that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is to resign on account of ill-health has set our little political world agog with regard to his successor. Where is the man to fill the place, rhetorically so well adorned as the Premiership of Canada has been filled by this notable French-Canadian? Mr. Fielding of Nova Scotia is suggested as the probable Premier. In the absence of larger men he may be the most available person, but the size he has developed since he has been a member of the Dominion Cabinet is only that of a superior clerk. Sir William Mulock has not been suggested, which is possibly all that need be said in his direction, though he is without doubt the best executive Minister and the man of the greatest capacity in the Government. In this little period of pause, when five or six millions of Canadians are thinking of what will happen should it be necessary to choose a new Premier, we may very profitably think of the possibilities of government under the direction of the mediocrities who have been persistently pushed to the front by the system we employ. It is perhaps idle to discuss the system, for it can hardly be changed without changing the instincts of the whole people. In a country so torn by racial and religious strife it is almost impossible to advance to the front a man who is strong and unwilling to make compromises lest the trading away of things which ought to be held dear would be damaging to a future which we seem to hold in little regard. The smooth practitioners of the methods which destroy cities and tend to make public life unclean are the ones who occupy chief places, and all that seems to be necessary is to get a figurehead unlikely to disturb these men in the practice of their soiled arts. It would be difficult to so analyze the Canadian situation as to bring into view the particular tendencies which develop men who are neither patriots nor statesmen, yet who successfully pose as leaders of public opinion. What is wrong with our organization? Is it our school system or the eternal compromise between religion and races? How is it that we do not develop something stronger than either an orator or a trickster? How is it that, even developing these two varieties, they feel themselves compelled to trade their abilities to a corporation and to pass out of history as nothing better than something used to deliver over our lands and revenues to prowlers who work by night and force their tools to occupy public situations by day?

THERE are two propositions which must be carefully scrutinized by the people of Ontario, who are really the backbone of Confederation, and these questions cannot be overlooked by those who make up the balance of electoral weight. An Ontario election has an importance outside the questions which it decides in controlling its provincial details. Ontario should remember the fact that without doubt it is over half, as a taxpayer probably three-fifths, of the entire Confederation. Errors in its management, corruption in its methods, necessarily strike to the heart of Canadianism. Ontario is supposed to be good. Its reaching out for religious things in a political way has weakened rather than strengthened the body politic. As a matter of fact, Ontario is not good; it is extraordinarily selfish. Individuals and constituencies in the struggle to advance their self-interests do strange things which cannot be apologized for because they pass the limit of things which can be excused. We have a population of 2,182,942, which is not open to conviction, but follows habit and those dozen and one miserable little fashions which are the death-knell of public opinion and advanced thinking. The man who lives in a city or town does the best that he knows how on election day to make himself more prosperous, regardless of how his neighbor may suffer. The farmer, more often ignorant than innocent, votes to advance his interests without regard to the general weal. The result has been an absolute paralysis of that God-fearing and country-saving impulse to do the best thing that is possible. The best thing that is possible, as interpreted by the ordinary voter, is what is liable to put the nimble dollar in his pocket and save him from further trouble. The pursuit of a policy of absolute selfishness of this sort will bring us to grief. There is no constructive statesmanship. No hand trembling with anxiety to get a donation for party funds or to grasp the ignorant fingers of the elector can do more than gladden election day and obtain a miserable majority. In the great evolution of the world Canada has had a long period of depression, and is just now passing through a season of brightness without the shadow of a hope that anyone is being raised up who in a time of disconsolateness will lead us on to victory and the situation that we ought to occupy of greatness and influence in the world of which we are so principal a part. The miserable attitude of opportunism, of smallness, of self-seeking, of a willingness to accept a bribe either individual or communal, indicates us as a people which does not deserve greatness. What is back of it all? What is making us so insignificant even in our own estimation? Is it not the fact that we lack a national and a great big impulse? Year after year we see these same evidences of our pettiness, of our willingness to lend ourselves to all kinds of electoral corruption, and we seek for no cure. Is there any disease so terribly dangerous as that which consumes one's heart and soul and strength and yet which seeks for no doctor?

Without a doubt Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. George W. Ross are the only two conspicuous figures in Canadian politics. Other men who are in sight are quite devoid of those elements which make it possible for people to assume leadership. The kindness and good nature of both Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Ross are a main part of their attractiveness. The world likes to be jollied rather than bullied. Another question comes up: How is it we breed so few men who are both attractive and able? Canada seems to be particularly destitute of these amiable and clever fellows who have the faculty of government. No more conspicuous example of the success of a man of this sort can be quoted than Sir John A. Macdonald. It may not be a very complimentary thing to say about the human race, but it is quite true, that they are unwilling to be taught but quite willing to be jollied. But those who are able to do this in Canadian politics seem to be becoming fewer and fewer. What we are getting now is the millionaire who keeps out of politics but influences everything to his own advantage. He is not the politician, but he is the maker of the politician and the ruler of the man who makes the laws. All of which is bad. Again we must enquire, what is causing all this? Is Canada devoid of an impulse? Are its people taking the benefits of an Imperial Government without feeling the responsibilities? No matter how people may live, no matter in what shape they pay taxes, no matter if they appear to be getting something for nothing, they

are paying the price, and Canadians are paying the price of colonialism.

IF it be true that the Grand Trunk helped the Liberal party win a victory in Ontario, with what terrible forebodings must we anticipate the demands which they will make when the Federal Parliament is in session! One cannot conceive of a corporation doing party work without party promises of reward. The fulfilment of these promises may mean the throwing into their lap of half of that great principality which we call our North-West. Men who have the ear of the Government are said to have pledged enormous sums of money per mile, acres by the million, that the Grand Trunk Pacific may be a success. A great bank is said to have thrown its strength with this enormous corporation, insisting that competitors which until now had been fathered should yield their claims. If these disturbing rumors be even half true, the people of this country, who seem to be unable to find a successor for a leader who was mostly oratorical, are in a bad plight. Like those who divided up the raiment of Stephen, we find those with stones to throw and ends to serve chiefest in the council of the nation. The only suggestion of any value is that Hon. George W. Ross move from the Premiership of Ontario and take the chief executiveship of the nation. Even this suggestion only proves how poor we are in men fit to take charge. Much as it accentuates our poverty in leading men, I must admit that I favor it. With an experience both provincial and federal, Mr. Ross would be

did not see fit to ask for. Just now he is convinced that this is a proper time to ask for this section, which has not been conveyed to any railroad, and by aiding the Ontario Government to obtain what it desires he apparently believes that he is obtaining a lien on the Dominion Liberals for what is not his and does not belong to the people he represents. If we are to continue trading off our public lands and our public moneys to those who can give such small compensation as a victory in a contested by-election, we certainly have arrived at a condition which is most deplorable. As it appears at the present moment, the Canadian territory is simply a right of way for railroad companies, which agree to give their support to a Government which at once makes itself a convertible factor of the railroad corporations, though presumably something which represents the people.

We appear about to trade ourselves out of political influence. Those representing banks and having to do with public gifts are liable to trade off the last thing we have without public complaint being made. Of course the public interest amounts to little if the Grand Trunk, associated as it is with great men as greatness is estimated in this country, can make it possible to obliterate that small sense which we possess of being owners of the great domain which accident may have given into our charge. If these people who control banks and railroads and governments and everything that is controllable, are to be given power that is not curtailed by the people, we may as well submit to the present policy, which is making every Government sup-

the maintenance of comforts which cannot be carried into the tomb? The results, as far as have been noticeable in the lives of misers and those who leave money to others, have not been in the nature of successes. Judging by the experiences of others, those who make money and spend it are not only kinder to themselves, but to their heirs. A small amount of money left to anybody is only enough to put them on the bum and is not a kindness, and this small amount, if expended in living, produces a great deal more enjoyment than when left to wrangling relatives who think they ought to have had it all.

FOR many years Argentina and Chile have had a feud which has eaten into their revenues, and the people of both nations have had reason to enquire why the immense expense has been incurred of maintaining their equipment on a war footing. I think it is quite probable that no two nations glare at one another in the same warlike fashion as those which control the southern part of South America. They have quarrels about their boundary line and as to who shall control the southernmost portion of the continent, and without doubt some day they will fight it out. The press despatch from Buenos Ayres dated the 10th indicates that they have come to an understanding whereby their navies shall be equalized. Argentina is an immensely larger country than Chile, but it is not as well equipped with troops and its navy is somewhat in the minority when compared with its Pacific rival. Eventually excess of population in Argentina will control the rather delicate situation that Chile has persistently endeavored to create.

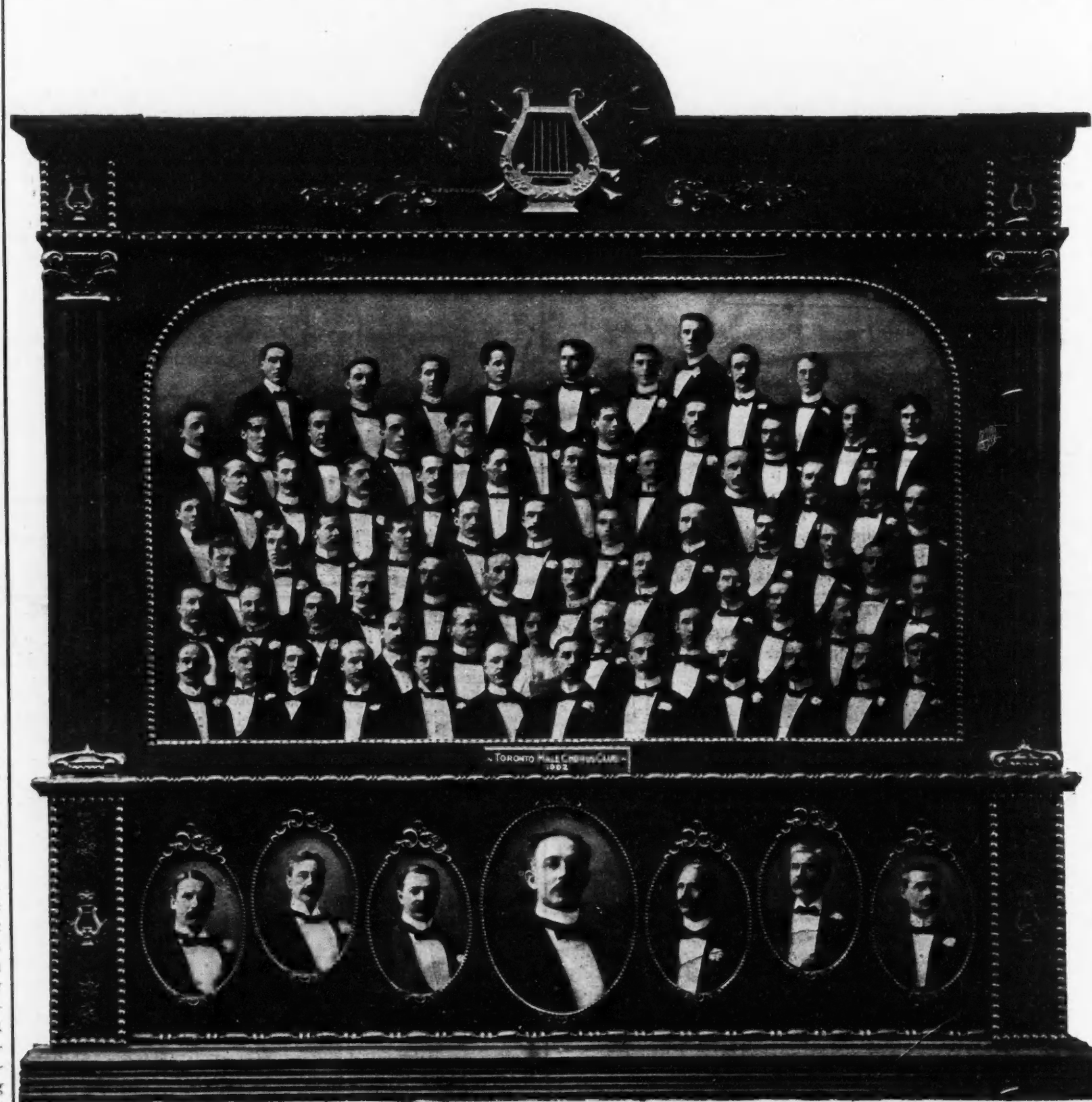
THE Irish Catholics of Ontario have finally designated a Senator to succeed Hon. John O'Donohoe. The mantle of the aged and infirm Senator, who for many years was no good to the Senate, seems to have fallen, if rumor is to be believed, on Mr. Coffee, the publisher of the "Catholic Record" of London, a publication which may be of use in manipulating the Catholic vote but as an organ of public opinion is entirely without value. The appointment seems to have gone to the most valuable Catholic in sight, and to have been given irrespective of the one who would be of greatest use to those upon whom the mantle of power has fallen. Reform of the Senate appears to be something which the Liberals have abandoned. We can pardon their abandonment of tariff propositions, but it is hardly fair to ask the people of this country to excuse their trading off of Senatorial situations for political purposes. Mr. Coffee may make a very good Senator, but the fact that he is obtainable as a factor of the Catholic vote will make him very embarrassing to those who acquire in him a leader of sectarian opinion, a thing which ought not to be cultivated, but suppressed.

THE inauguration of the new Mayor and Council on Monday was not at all pyrotechnical, but both Mayor Urquhart's speech and his handling of the business before Council give good promise of a year of progress as contrasted with the last two years of pose. The new Mayor's colleagues seem to have been not a little surprised at the firmness and confidence with which he took hold and "bossed the job." As an alderman they were rather inclined to discount his capacity for affairs, but they have already had occasion to revise their opinions and to realize that they may have misjudged the metal of which this quiet, serious-minded man from Ward Four is made. It is to be hoped that they will find still further cause, as the year advances, to repose confidence in him as their presiding officer and the chief executive of the city. Mayor Urquhart enters upon his term under favorable auspices, and with the prestige of the good impression he has already made he has but to hold his present place in order to break all recent records on the mayoralty track.

What it was feared might happen with regard to the choice of Controllers has happened, and the Mayor has been saddled with a Board which looks to be only a slight, if any, improvement on that of last year. With the exception of Ald. Oliver, the most progressive and able element of the Council is not represented on the Board of Control for 1903. The fact that the entire Board was elected on the first ballot, and that it corresponds with one of the slates announced a day or two after polling day, gives it the suspicious appearance of being a cut-and-dried affair, the outcome of a dicker, or saw-off, in which the votes of aldermen were dishonestly traded and set off against one another in order that men who could not claim a controllership on their merits might obtain the coveted honor (and salary) on the basis of political or sectional influence. What requires to be remembered is that the present system of choosing Controllers cannot stand many more such jars as it received on Monday. It is on its last trial. It is no longer customary to elect the ablest men in Council to the Board, as was the intention when the innovation was brought about, or as the practice was in the first years after the change. Every little jack-in-the-box and tail-ender in the Council now looks upon a controllership as his ultimate reward, if he can stay long enough in the game and stack the cards with the necessary precision. It is a quite legitimate ambition for any alderman to wish to serve on the Board of Control. Every man ought to be conceded the right to have faith in himself, but this is a question of the means that are used by ambitious nobodies to justify their faith without works, and while better men are forced to stand aside. No "slate" could ever be worked through the Council either for controllerships or chairmanships without the knowledge and consent of the leaders of Council and those aldermen who are esteemed by the people as "straight." Every vote cast by an alderman for a Controller or chairman of committee should be considered as an important part of that alderman's record, and if the Board of Control turns out at the end of the year to be inefficient or irresponsible to popular rights, or if a chairman of committee goes crooked, the votes of aldermen who placed incompetency in the seats of power should be remembered against them on election day.

The new Council has, as new Councils always do, started out on a rampageous path of all-round reform. Immediately before and after election, resolutions are cheap and there are beneficent schemes to burn. But the experience of the past shows that the majority of the aldermen get cold feet early in February and continue to suffer from them all through "the good old summer time." I am going to keep a record this year of the reforms advocated by aldermen, and about next December it will be interesting to go back through the list and see what has been done to give them effect. Taking Mayor Urquhart's inaugural address and the motions or notices of motion introduced by aldermen at the first session, I find that the schemes already before Council—and for the most part they are good ones if they can be carried out—size up about as follows:

MAYOR URQUHART—Administrative reform of the city government; additional street car lines and additional cars on existing lines; prosecution of the city's suit against the Gas Company; municipalization of the gas service; more public playgrounds and parks; the obtaining of Dominion and provincial aid for an All-Canada exhibition; the adoption of some permanent policy regarding radial railways;



THE TORONTO MALE CHORUS.  
Who appear in their 10th Annual Concert on Thursday next at Massey Hall.

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the most acceptable leader of Dominion politics. The others who have good records have bad manners, and it is doubtful if in a mixed constituency they would not be rejected. The misfortune of having no constitution, of having perpetually to compromise with over forty per cent. of the population in matters of race and religion, and having to be such a smoothbore in politics that the discharge of the heaviest shot will not disturb the community, makes it impossible for a bigger man to assume a position which should be, if it isn't, occupied by a nation-builder. We may well groan as we see these small people occupying great places, for it is certainly the sure outcome of a small and uncertain people groping their way to the light and glad of any leadership, no matter how uncertain or unsound.

IN the indefiniteness of politics and the uncertainty of how various sections of the community will act, one thing comes clearly into view and must be reckoned with as a factor for the making and unmaking of Governments. Whether it is a preparation of the public mind for a raid on the treasury or if it is simply a lack of skill on the part of the Grand Trunk Pacific, so much has been said in the newspapers that the average reader is at a loss to know whether the C.P.R. has been satisfied and to what extent the Grand Trunk Pacific is to be subsidized, and whether there will be anything left for the people of this struggling colony when these two wolves have had enough. Possibly never before in the history of Dominion politics has a corporation made such preparation for exploiting the treasury. The preparations that have been made are somewhat after the style of the individual or the firm which intends to become bankrupt. General Manager Hays tells us that the old G.T.R. Company is not to be asked to pledge the fortunes of well established roads in order to guarantee the building of the Western feeders. It should make the Canadian electorate think twice if the Grand Trunk refuses to put up its stake while asking the Government to give subsidies which are neither asked for nor required by the settlers, who are really the only people who ought to be consulted in the North-West. The project is thoroughly wildcat in its workings out. General Manager Hays has seen the other railroad promoters of Canada obtaining enormous sums, and naturally enough he is asking for his share. As the manager of a great system which was the pioneer in Canada, he sees an opportunity to obtain a section of the universe which even the old Grand Trunk

porter rich and making all the common people who have a share in the heritage of Canada, poor. A few railroad men and Senators may add to their millions, but the common people are subtracting from their inheritance millions of acres of land and millions of money. Of course if they do it with their eyes open and with a general acceptance of the deal, the millionaires are to be congratulated and the multitude to be pitied. The prospect is not pleasing, for those who hoped to obtain a competence are liable to become paupers. The paupers who are taxpayers—and none are so poor as those who have to pay taxes—ought to see the interesting arrangements being made by those who are getting away with the stuff. That the stuff is the property of the taxpayer may be of very little importance and cut very little figure in the argument, yet it is a rather pitiable condition when those who have inherited the richest part of the world are being robbed of their birthright by men who have no other claim than that they can take it by a pretext which has no foundation except that which is given them by those who are elected to take charge of the great domain in which all of us should have a share.

AN Associated Press despatch from Bridgeport, Conn., tells the same story that we had locally purveyed in the death of Eli Hyman. Twenty-five thousand dollars has been discovered in the garments of a corpse, belonging to a widow who thought she was left to poverty. This strange craze for money-keeping is not confined to Jews and the people who go about crying "rags and bottles" and displaying their poverty to the multitude. Men who have no need to seek their daily meals or their nightly shelter have the extraordinary belief that they must have a little gold stored in their domicile in order to protect themselves from want and those things which afflict those who have nothing. That these people should try to evade the poorhouse displays the aversion of the average citizen to that last resort, to which we all contribute yet which none of us desire to share. To leave \$25,000, or as Eli Hyman succeeded in doing, leave sixty or eighty thousand, seems to be a hardship which nobody ought to undergo at the expense of a life of daily toil and exactions to which nobody should be subjected. A craze for saving money is, after all, a more objectionable process than that of spending it. Why should anybody leave twenty-five or fifty thousand dollars to heirs who will squabble over it, rather than spend a section of the paltry amount every year in good living and those things which contribute to

the submission of important questions of municipal policy to the vote of the ratepayers.

**ALD. SPENCE**—The compelling of the Street Railway Company to properly heat its cars; the obtaining of electrical energy from Niagara Falls; the rebuilding of the Horticultural Pavilion; the holding of a Dominion exhibition in 1903; the abolition of the Court of Revision and substitution thereof of a board of all the city assessors; the widening of University street and the conversion of Queen's avenue into a park or garden.

**ALD. WILLIAM BURNS**—The obtaining of electricity for heat, light and power from Niagara Falls; the establishment of a new park on the Island; the establishment of a fruit dock and fruit market; the holding of an All-Canadian exhibition; the lighting of the City Hall clock.

**ALD. S. W. BURNS**—Building of a bridge at the foot of Yonge street; extension of Bathurst street and Arthur street car lines south on Bathurst street from King to Front and along Front street to the Union Station, and also the Avenue road line westward along Dupont street to Walmer road; municipal fuel yards; enlargement of Portland street fire hall.

**ALD. SHEPPARD**—Enlargement of the Armories; municipal purchase and distribution of fuel to relieve the present stringency; lighting of the City Hall clock.

**ALD. WOODS**—Increase in the salary of the Chairman of Works from \$100 to \$700.

**ALD. FLEMING**—Placing of waterworks on a paying basis.

**ALD. NOBLE**—Reform of city's administrative system; the securing of electrical energy from Niagara Falls; prohibition of spitting in public places; that the city procure authority to buy and sell any commodity in case of emergency.

**ALD. STARR**—Municipalization of the gas plant; conversion of property bounded by Harbord, Lennox and Markham streets into a public park; that the City Treasurer allocate someone in his department to see that all contracts, works and orders are properly carried out.

Readers of "Saturday Night" who are interested in the career of any particular alderman named will do well to clip out the above list and preserve it for future reference—say about voting time next January.

THE "Evening News" argues that it is municipal reform, not municipal ownership that Toronto needs. "First, the methods of transacting the city business must be so revised that there will be some guarantee of financial results from municipal investments." There is undeniable force in the argument of those who point to the wastefulness and incapacity of those in charge of the city's business as the best reason for refusing to entrust these servants with still larger matters. But it is an argument that could have been used to discourage every enlargement of popular government in the past, and if consistently followed out it would paralyze all attempts to bring about municipal proprietorship of natural monopolies. If we wait until we have an absolutely ideal system of city government before venturing to use it as the instrument to serve our new needs and desires, we might as well accept things as they are and say nothing. The franchise-owning corporations could put up no more cunning plea in their own behalf than the utterances of those timid persons who are fearful of every new public undertaking because past undertakings have not been always successfully operated. In the development of popular institutions, as in the evolution of species, it is generally true that new organs are developed in the wake of new needs. Organs are not brought into being first and functions assigned to them afterwards. If further duties are imposed upon our representatives, a way will ultimately be found of discharging those duties or of amending existing organs of government so that they can be discharged. By all means let us have municipal reform, but let us not be duped into the illusion that we have got to have a system devoid of imperfections before we dare add anything new to it.

ONE of the funniest news paragraphs in a long while is the statement that the week of prayer, observed throughout Canada last week, was postponed in North Grey till this week, on account of the by-election. It seems that even the religious people of that constituency are of the opinion that prayers and by-elections don't hitch.

IN a New York illustrated paper lately, pictures were displayed of the sumptuous apartments and surroundings provided by a number of rich ladies for the sick children of the poor. I read with a feeling of resentment the description of how children taken from the slums were cared for as kindly and as extravagantly as the children of millionaires, inasmuch as so many more could be cared for if the few were not given it all. I do not feel that the child of the slums is inferior to the child of parents who are, so to speak, reeking with riches, but I am convinced that as the child of the millionaire is largely a failure, so the child of the slums brought up in millionaire surroundings is bound to be a discontented person and a bad lot after being pampered by those who make philanthropy an amusement. What is to become of children taken from the poor and nursed and petted for a few months, or even a few years? When they return to the hovel from which they came the surroundings will be utterly distasteful to them, the parents will be tolerated only because they for the moment provide means of subsistence. The months or years of luxury provided by so-called philanthropists must utterly unfit any youngster for the life of poverty and self-denial to which the poor are apparently destined. The pictures and the letterpress in the article I refer to may or may not have a bearing on some of the charities of Toronto. The child whose mind turns with regret to a period of sickness and luxury is badly fortified against the ills and workdays of life. Dependence on others and resistance to the tasks which life imposes come naturally enough to those who have had a period of ease, even though this ease was disturbed by the pains to which the child was perhaps accustomed. It is all very well to make the days of the old and incurable as pleasant as they can be made, but when charity by its luxurious attentions to the few disturbs the whole basis of adolescent years, then it becomes an influence which should be guarded against. To lift a child out of poverty and put it into luxury even though sickness be the excuse, and then to return it to poverty and hardship, is a method which it seems to me should not be employed. A frequent tendency of philanthropy, except as exercised by the Government, is to pamper the few patients received, unfit them for the class to which they have to belong, and to incur a more deplorable fate than even physical deformity might have caused. This tendency of philanthropists to unsettle patients for the purposes of their own amusement or advertisement, I think should be discouraged.

THE Ottawa Ministerial Association will have a hard time justifying to liberal-minded people their action in refusing to admit Rev. R. J. Hutcheon to fellowship, on the ground of his being a Unitarian. I do not suppose that Mr. Hutcheon or his church will suffer materially as a result of this decision on the part of "the cloth," but at a time when there is much independent thinking on religious questions even within the pale of so-called orthodoxy, the attitude of the Ottawa parsons suggests an intolerance that belongs to a past age, and not to the twentieth century. Rev. Mr. Hutcheon has been interviewed about the matter, and his words, which bespeak a broad and charitable spirit, are worth quoting:

"So long as the association remains true to its evangelical principles its action cannot be adversely criticized. The point of objection that I would take, if I were to take any, would be that many of the members of the association do not themselves accept the principles of the evangelical alliance in their old form. Many of the ministers have publicly pronounced themselves as believers in higher criticism

and in evolution and I do not see why they should not be dealt with by the association as well as myself. The old evangelical system is a strictly logical system, and if it is broken in one point it is broken in all. The new doctrine of inspiration, of creation and of the fall, which higher criticism and evolution involve, necessitates a new doctrine of God; and therefore a new doctrine of the person of Jesus. Hence I am simply one stage further on in my theological belief than many others, and the association, to be strictly consistent, ought to discipline those of its members who are pronounced higher critics and evangelists. As this might reduce the association to small proportions, I can easily understand why it hesitates to do so."

IT is announced that the officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad are maturing plans for the establishment of a printing office in which all the company's work may be done. It is reported that nearly half a million dollars' worth of printing and advertising matter is annually issued by this great corporation, admittedly one of the greatest monopolies in the United States, and naturally enough, as even printers must admit, the proprietors of it propose to establish one of the finest plants that has ever been seen in the printing trade, and to attend to their own work. This is the present tendency of all great corporations, which, as they grow in business, influence and the possibility of disregarding all other associations, proceed to freeze out of any share of their profits those who are not influential in the corporate management. It is said that departmental stores, those big concerns which buy and sell everything are not only doing their own printing—as was evinced by a printers' strike in Timothy Eaton's—but are actually becoming the proprietors or controlling shareholders in newspapers to which they give the largest share of their advertising. Large manufacturers of such articles as soap and patent medicine are also running printing-shops or publication offices. I am making no particular plea for the printer or publisher in this matter; I am only trying to point out that these enormous concerns are becoming so influential that they must soon find themselves able to manufacture public opinion. When public opinion is manufactured by powerful corporations and newspapers are turned out like toilet paper by those who have a sufficiency of capital and plant, the difficulty of finding any guidance in the average sheet which one reads either morning or evening will become obvious. Of course it is an admitted fact that the newspaper published at a small price of subscription generally receives more financial support from the advertisers than the subscribers, for the price paid by the subscriber does not cover the cost of production. Further, it may be said that these great concerns are bound to conciliate public opinion or do damage to the journals they publish in the complicated interests in which they are involved. Quite so. But is the average reader of a newspaper competent to disassociate the advice given in these papers and in the flood of printed matter circulated, from the self-interest of those who are acting as printers and publishers or with any reference to the private, personal and political interests involving the great mass of readers? It would appear that this generation is likely to be led by a race of blind guides liable to involve those guided so selfishly, in disaster.

#### Social and Personal.

A MOST interesting and pretty anniversary celebration took place at Rosedale House on Monday, when Mrs. Ridout's intimate friends assembled, bearing lovely gifts of flowers, to wish her all good things on the eighty-fifth anniversary of her birth. The cherished presence of the birthday celebrant was never more warmly appreciated, and everyone had some reminiscence and tender memory of her "long life well lived." Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout and their charming little ones rejoiced cordially in the happiness of the mother and grandmother who is so dear. Miss Leone, a fairlike little maid of ten years, poured tea for her grandmother's old friends with care and grace imitable. The birthday cake, brave with its four score and five red candles, and the bright table crowned with white flowers, and smartly decorated with bows of red ribbon, were admired of all the congenial party, among whom were Mrs. Becher, Mrs. Delamere, Miss Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. John Ridout, Mr. Grant Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Strath, Mrs. Payne, Lady Kirkpatrick, Miss Winn, Mrs. Skae, Dr. Grasset, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fleming, Miss Carrie Macklem, Mr. Oliver Macklem, and the Misses McCutcheon.

Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell are returning to Halifax after a couple of years in Toronto. Mr. Caldwell, who is inspector of the Bank of Nova Scotia, having decided to sojourn in the Eastern capital. Those who have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell will regret that their stay has been so short. Mrs. Caldwell will receive on Monday for the last time before the removal of her Lanes and Penates disarranges her menage, and many will avail themselves of their last chance to bid her good-bye.

Mrs. Turner, wife of the United States Consul at Ottawa, whose bright, clever, and magnetic personality is well known in smart circles here, was presented by Lady Minto with the Humane Society's medal at the Rideau skating party this week, in recognition of the bravery of the lady-American in rescuing a boy from a bear last year. Needless to say, the rescue was not performed in wilds where bears roam and devour, but in Aylmer Park, where the bear was an exhibit, but where the boy would have just as surely lost his life had not Mrs. Turner, with her delightful pluck and resource, rescued him.

Mrs. Nordheimer of Genedyth made a move in the direction of making the skating reunions what they should be last Saturday, when she spent time and money in decorating the "melancholy barn," and gave a very smart and cosy tea in the parlor of the rink to a lot of friends, non-skaters and otherwise, during the afternoon. The bright decorations of well displayed hunting and the added elation of a big attendance of friends of the hostess made things "go" in a very spirited manner. In fact, no one wanted to "go" when the band gently rendered "Home, Sweet Home." Among the skaters were several whose taste and grace in garb and motion made watching them a pleasure. Some of the young folks have adopted the scarlet jersey or "hug-me-tight" with dark skirts for skating, and look very smart and cosy. But really smart skating costumes are sadly in the minority, and when the Toronto woman goes to Ottawa or Montreal she realizes what a chance she loses of making her mark, if she has been under the impression that any old dress will do to skate in. Lady Minto, whose costumes are always in such perfect taste, is very particular about the cut and hang of her skating skirts and insists on perfect lines and perfect swing and freedom for her pet pastime. I wish some of our own Toronto girls would recall or inform themselves about the lovely green and sable costume of Ottawa's smartest girl, now a fair matron, or the trim grey gown of another who, though no chicken, still skates like a girl of sixteen. Lady Minto's house party are delightfully smart this year at the skating rink, public or private, as you'll see by the daily papers.

Mrs. Mann gave two teas, one Saturday and one Monday, at which Mrs. Hugh Sutherland of Winnipeg was guest of honor. If that latter lady could spare time from shopping we should be having a "Sutherland week," but the big house in Winnipeg must be made ready, and just now her interest is divided. At the Saturday tea, men, as usual, were asked, but on Monday the only man present had two n's in his name, and secluded himself in a cosy recess by the hall fireplace in company with a lovely little golden-haired girl, showing a discretion and taste he probably inherits from his big papa. Mrs. Mann gave her usual cordial greeting to her guests in the drawing-room so cosy with its hangings of rose brocade and bright grate

fire. The dining-room was crowded with jolly people, some of whom paused in joke, story and more material refreshment to admire the great bowl of mignonette, lily of the valley and other lovely blooms which centered the buffet. Mrs. Bristol and Mrs. Victor Cawthra assisted Miss Williams on Saturday, and Mrs. Lehmann and the Misses Kingsmill on Monday, when, in spite of the bitter cold, a large party of ladies was present, quite an invasion of smart dames from Mrs. Beatty's couche taking place about six o'clock. Mrs. Sutherland, who looks very well and charming in spite of all she has to do, wore a lovely gown of crepe, chiffon and lace and a large and graceful chapeau.

Mrs. Victor Cawthra is leaving immediately to spend some time with Mrs. Yates in Montreal. I hear great accounts of the delightful time Mrs. Mulock is enjoying in the metropolis. In the meantime Mr. Mulock is getting along as best he can for the first time without her, and relieving the monotony by sending some of the most lovely flowers eastward to his fair lady and her kind hostess.

The Driving Club will, weather permitting, hold their first reunion to-day, and will take tea with Mr. and Mrs. James at their home in Carlton street. The dance at Benvenuto in the evening will preclude the usual meeting at the Hunt Club for dinner. Mr. and Mrs. James are, I hear, going to Nassau shortly for two months. Miss James has been visiting Miss Gibbons in London and has returned home.

Mrs. Wellington Cameron, nee Jaffray, held her post-nuptial reception at her home in Grenville street this week. Tuesday and Wednesday were, I believe, the days chosen. Mrs. Cameron wore her wedding gown and white roses. Her mother and her mother-in-law assisted her in receiving, and a trio of girl friends, matronized by Mrs. Turnbull and Mrs. Will Jaffray, had charge of the refreshments. Roses pink and red adorned the bright rooms, and lots of people called.

Mr. Gron, who has been running about the town a bit, by day the keen and far-seeing promoter of a huge business scheme, and at close of day the much appreciated dinner, theater, ball or supper guest of the smartest coteries, has left for other pastures, where, let us hope, he may browse as pleasantly. His host, Mr. Dickson Patterson, is in New York on an artistic commission; on his return I hear he and his clever wife are intending to arrange a trip to Gotham together.

Mrs. Paul Krell is enjoying life at Nice, and her letter-tell of all sorts of gay doings. Mrs. Bradney, her charming sister, who has spent the fall and winter with Mrs. R. A. Smith, is expecting Mr. Bradney from the Argentine whose ship is due in New York to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Bradney will go to England, I understand, before returning to their home.

A heartsome touch was given to a family reunion this year, when the long-distance telephone was brought into use, and one involuntary exile from the gay party heard the voices of father and mother and all the rest in turn wishing her well. A pause and the enquiry if she were still connected, brought a rather muffled answer from the exile who confessed to having a tear or two handy.

The engagement of Miss Agnes Drynan and Mr. Howard Temple of Liverpool prophesies the following of her fair sister's example by this handsome Toronto girl.

Mrs. Russell Skye received the last two or three Fridays with her sister and hostess, Mrs. Follingsby, looking very well, and proud of her fairy daughter, a most clever and entertaining baby indeed. Mrs. Skye is returning home immediately.

Mrs. J. M. Mackenzie of Huron street on Tuesday gave a large number of friends the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Arthur Murray (formerly Sybil Walker of Toronto), and who is now rather far away from us in Essex, where Mr. Murray was ordered by his bank. Mrs. Murray wore a becoming white gown, with folds of satin encircling the sheath skirt and a very smartly trimmed bodice. Mrs. Mackenzie was in fawn voile, looking as pretty as a picture and Miss Field, her sister, was also very prettily gowned and had a word of welcome to the dining-room, where, with Mrs. Capreol, Mrs. "Dod" Howland and Mrs. Shirley Denison, she looked after the guests. The table was done in pink, with carnations and ferns, which were also about the pretty drawing-room and second room. A quartette of busy attendants were Miss Amy Dupont, Miss Maude Barwick, Miss Heaton and Miss Hay, and a few of the ladies present were Mrs. Austin, the Misses Harris, Mrs. Charlie Lawrence, Boyd, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. R. A. Smith, Mrs. R. Denison and Miss Denison, Miss Dupont, Mrs. Alice Robertson, Mrs. Acton Burrows, Mrs. Alty, Mrs. Fred Walker, Mrs. Lonsdale Capreol, Mrs. James Ince and the Misses Thomson, Paterson, Hoyles Fuller (a graceful debutante in gray), Hector, Hall, and many others.

Although one hears on every side growlings at the quiet winter we are having, it is almost impossible for smart people to find an afternoon without engagements. True there are no big dances to gather the crowd together. The Grns seem hopeless, the Yacht Club is in a dream, even the 'Varsity conversat, is to be dancelless (can you fancy anything more dreary?). In the distance Trinity awaits; will Osgood recover from last year's Majuba enough to give a dance? What's the matter with a bachelors' ball? Surely the men who have danced and eaten and drunk at the homes of the scores of debutantes must feel a quail of some sort when they reflect how long it is since a bachelors' ball has gladdened our horizon! And there are such shoals of bachelors frisking about the town, not eligible ones, the women say, sadly, but it's the ineligible who give the jolliest balls.

Did he propose or not, and did she refuse him if he did? is the question agitating certain female minds. One frank and handsome girl said thoughtfully, "I only wish he'd give me the chance. I'd not—" and silence. Meantime there is no sign of willow weeping about him that anyone can discover.

Mrs. and Miss Seymour have gone to Ottawa, which 'avio' burg is specially attractive just now. Miss Burnham is having a good time there. Miss Thompson of Derwent Lodge and Miss Naomi Temple are other Toronto girls being feted in Ottawa.

That delightful woman, Miss Hendrie of Holmstead, who went abroad with her young sister Miss Phyllis last year, has returned to Hamilton and is receiving welcomes far and near. A reunion of the married sisters celebrated her return, when Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Eckford of Regina and Mrs. Ledyard of Detroit were all at Holmstead.

Mrs. and Miss Molson have returned to Montreal. Miss Stratford of Brantford is at Clover Hill. Miss Gosling is back from Port Hope. Mrs. Ormsby of Woodstock is visiting Mrs. Joy. Mrs. Curran of Detroit is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett, in Grenville street.

Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston will not receive again until February 6th, as some alterations are in progress in her artistic home.

Mrs. Campbell Wallbridge spent the week in Belleville on business, and returned to-day, I believe.

Major Cockburn, V.C., is in the S-u-h, and will visit Virginia before returning.

Miss Gwynn is the guest of Mrs. Macdougall of Carlton Lodge.



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**Social and Personal.**

Mrs. Arthur Pepler is spending a fortnight with friends in Montreal. Mrs. Archibald of Halifax went to Gravenhurst to see her daughter comfortably settled there, and many hopes are expressed that the healing air will benefit Miss Archibald, whose illness has caused the postponement of her wedding, which was to have taken place, I believe, on next Monday.

Many joyous congratulations on the birth of a son and heir to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ross are being sent east the last few days.

Mrs. William Bright (nee Mowat), one of the loveliest brides of the past year, has her Lares and Penates finally set in order in her new house in "brides' terrace," Elgin avenue, and on Thursday and Friday of last week was besieged by callers. Mrs. Bright was all that is charming in her pretty white robe des noces, her tall, graceful figure and fair face evoking whispers of admiration. Miss Marion Barker, Miss Rita Cosby, Miss Walely and Miss Margaret Thompson poured tea and looked after the callers in the tea-room, and Mrs. Walely of Brockville, aunt of the hostess, and who is now visiting her, assisted in the reception. A good many brides were among Mrs. Bright's visitors. Mr. and Mrs. Bright have a very cosy and pretty home, excellently planned and complete in detail. The dining-room was brightly done in pink flowers and the beautiful mahogany table daintily set with the usual nice things.

Mrs. Jim Foy has been unable to receive owing to indisposition, and many friends learned to their regret on calling on the days of Mrs. Bright's reception, a few doors east, on which days Mrs. Foy had intended to hold her post-nuptial receptions.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Sutherland are spending some time in town, and are at the Queen's Hotel. Mr. Sutherland has purchased a very fine residence in Winnipeg, and he and his charming wife are looking up "a few things" for its embellishment. It bids fair to be a lovely house when the "few things"—the handiwork of the finest artists—can be installed. Between the anxieties of selecting and buying Mrs. Sutherland manages to spare a little time for the many nice things being given in her honor. Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mrs. D. D. Mann, and several others, have been giving teas for Mrs. Sutherland, who is looking very bright and charming, with stores of witty sayings and good stories to delight her friends.

A society man said to me: "We have the race week and the Horse Show week, but we have been enjoying a new one this New Year, the 'Sanford' week." The radiant woman whose visit has caused such a ripple of dinner-giving, theater parties, luncheons, suppers and afternoon teas said good-bye to her friends and admirers on Sunday last, but while she smiled upon Toronto there was no cessation of the gaieties of which she was the most provocative raison d'être. On one evening Mrs. Sanford was herself the hostess of a big Shea party, pre-empting all the six lower boxes and giving the hoi polloi such a treat of gazing at the exquisitely gowned and very handsome people who were her guests that much dullness in the programme was quite overlooked. Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn looked very queenly in a lovely Stitt gown of black and white, with roses in her hair. Mrs. Osborne wore a beautifully made and severely plain black pailletted gown. Mrs. Henry Osborne was in pink; Mrs. Ewart Osborne in white. Mrs. Berwick and Mrs. McMahon were exquisitely gowned. Mrs. Melvin-Jones wore her paternal Christmas box, a sumptuous ermine cloak, over a pretty evening frock. Miss Augusta Hodgins was most becomingly gowned. Mrs. Sanford herself was in white and silver, with a delicate scarf wrap of pale green. Some of the men were Messrs. Osborne, Mr. Beardmore, Mr. Blackstock, Mr. Neils Gron, Hon. Justice MacMahon, Major Williams, who was with Mrs. Williams and their guest, Mrs. F. Clifford Sutton; Colonel Field and Colonel Stimson. It was a very attractive party, and quite glorified the little theater.

On last Saturday a theater matinee was given by Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick at Shea's, at which a very jolly crowd of young folks, chaperoned by Lady Kirkpatrick, spent a couple of hours of merriment, and were then most charmingly entertained at tea at Closeburn, where Lady Kirkpatrick was the most winning of hostesses. A girl remarked to me one day, when the mistress of Closeburn held a high "official" position: "No one should neglect such a good study of how to be a perfect hostess as is offered to us this evening." That girl and many another has cause to thank Lady Kirkpatrick for an example of how to make her guests feel themselves welcome.

L'Alliance Francaise turned out to a man (and woman) to hear Monsieur St. Germain Martin of Paris lecture on "The Renaissance in France." The lecturer traced the cause and showed the effect of Italian influence upon the plain and simple but ever beautiful French architecture, and, as he spoke simply and clearly, his points were received by all, even though some were not quite at home in "la belle langue." As for the succession of splendid limelight views, so clear and so interesting, the audience was delighted to gaze upon magnificent Notre Dame, several views of which opened the series; the ornate and fairy-

like cathedrals of Rheims and Amiens, the exquisite Chateau of Chenonceau, of Blois, and the Palace of Fontainebleau, exterior and interior views of which were shown; quaint old houses, public buildings, great old courts and quadrangles, gardens and fountains, followed by succession. The lecturer wore in with his descriptions of the influence of the Renaissance on the architecture or ornamentation of each some little detail of name or incident, and thus gave it additional interest. Professor Deschamps, president of Toronto Alliance Francaise, took the chair, and introduced and thanked the clever lecturer. Among the audience I noticed Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, Mr. Jack Falconbridge, Miss Milligan of Bromley House, Monsieur and Madame Rochereau de la Sablerie, Mr. Kennan, Professor Pelham Edgar, Mrs. Will Rose, Madame la Comtesse de Ruffieu, Monsieur Rene de Ruffieu, Professor and Mrs. Squair, Mrs. Clare FitzGibbon, President Loudon, Professor Vandermissen and Miss Mason of Ermeleigh, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Dr. Reeve, Monsieur Masson, Mrs. Arthur Sprague, Monsieur Armand, a large number of students, and others.

Mrs. Shambrooke has come for a fortnight on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Warwick of Sunningdale. Miss Lilian Warwick and Miss Muriel Massey of Rosedale are on a visit to Mrs. George Massey, West Seventy-first street, New York.

Mr. Huson Harman is steadily gaining strength, though not at all robust yet, after his severe attack of appendicitis.

Mrs. Albert Austin, who was so unfortunate as to contract typhoid at the seaside last summer, is much congratulated on her complete restoration to health.

Mrs. Alan Sullivan's people were anxious on receiving tidings of her illness last week. Mr. and Mrs. George Hees are going south next week. Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Somerville are back in town at Mrs. Helliwell's, 74 St. George street. They did not go south, as reported. Mrs. Somerville having spent some time in Durham recently.

Many friends have bled them to Glen road to see Mrs. Alec Mackenzie, who receives every Monday in her new house.

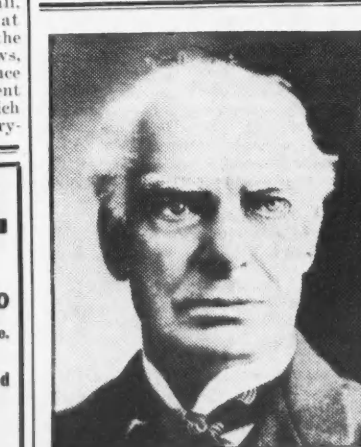
The Nurses' Home in Beverley street is already an assured success and benefit to many. I heard of a kind visit Dr. Goldwin Smith paid to one of the patients of the nurses who enjoy the gift of their home from him, which delighted the sick one, and emphasizes the learned professor's interest in the work. Mrs. Brodie, the guardian angel of the institution, is very proud and happy over its prosperity and usefulness.

Mrs. J. H. Lumbers of Berkeley street has removed to 598 Huron street, and will receive the second and fourth Fridays of each month.

Mrs. R. Norman Brown will receive with Mrs. Richard Brown, 446 Jarvis street, on the fourth Monday of this month.

The annual meeting of Trinity College School Old Boys' Association was held on Tuesday, January 6, in the board room of the Union Bank, and satisfactory reports for the year were presented. The sum of \$100, out of the funds of the association, was voted for the purpose of installing a dressing-room and shower-baths in connection with the gymnasium at the school. The following officers were elected by acclamation for the ensuing year: President, Mr. D. W. Saunders; first vice-president, Mr. D. W. Martin; second vice-president, Mr. R. S. Morris; third vice-president, Mr. L. H. Clarke; secretary, Mr. J. F. Calcutt; treasurer, Mr. F. H. Gooch. A number of names were proposed for the committee for 1903, which necessitates a ballot. A printed ballot paper has been sent by post to all members of the association. In the evening the annual dinner was held at the Albany Club. Among those present were Provost Macklem, Dr. Symonds, A. J. Johnson, M.D., Messrs. D. W. Saunders, F. H. Gooch, Frank Darling, N. F. Davidson, J. Francis, Gordon Osler, E. E. Cattanaach, William Ince, D. O. Jones, M.D., Morgan Jellett, H. C. Osborne, J. E. Osborne, P. C. Papps, S. R. Saunders, C. Van Straubenzee, C. J. Catto, Spencer Holcroft, K. J. Ridout, H. Suydam, H. Kersteman, F. J. Henderson, P. E. Henderson.

A Belleville correspondent writes: "Time was when much of Belleville's social life centered in the Ponton home—stead in Dundas street, where whole-souled hospitality held full sway, and where ladies and gentlemen of the old school gathered to discuss the affairs of church and state from, of course, in those days, their rather limited point of view. How the old days in Belleville come back to one when he hears mentioned the name of Colonel and Mrs. Archibald Ponton! The brave old Colonel was long since gathered to his fathers, and now a telegram received in this city this morning announces that the kindly and gentle old lady has gone to join her little partner, her death having occurred at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. E. D. Armour, K.C. The de-



J. H. Stoddart, the star in "The Bonnie Brier Bush," at the Grand Opera House next week. Mr. Stoddart was born in Yorkshire, of Scotch parents, and recently celebrated his 76th birthday. He is dean of the American stage, having served more than fifty years since he first made his debut in New York.

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ceased lady was about seventy-six years of age, and was a daughter of the late Colonel Patterson, of the Royal Irish Regiment of Infantry, and mother of Major E. G. Ponton, now deceased, who achieved renown with the gallant Midland Battalion in the North-West. The surviving members of the family are Mr. A. W. Ponton, formerly superintendent of Indian Surveys, now of Ottawa; Mrs. Armour of Toronto, Mrs. Villiers-Sankey of Toronto, and Mrs. Montzambert of Amherst, N.B.

On Monday evening Mrs. Harry G. Hunt of Jarvis street gave a very bright and pretty young people's progressive and dance, in honor of her guest, Miss Marjorie Ball, of Woodstock. Mrs. Hunt was assisted by her sister, Mrs. Charles Murray, the hostess in a rich black silk, with lace overdress, and Mrs. Murray in a magnificent black satin, finished with Persian embroidery. At twelve o'clock supper was served in the large dining-room, at quartette tables, decorated with crimson carnations and ferns. Some of those present were Miss Foy, Miss Helen MacMahon, Miss Mowat, Miss Addie Forlong, Miss Murray, Miss Olive Wheat, Mrs. Roberts, and Messrs. Morrison, Gowenlock, Beril Stewart, Murray, Towers, Donald, Gray, Staples and Ross.

Mrs. Herbert Barton (nee Jardine) will hold her post-nuptial reception on Tuesday and Wednesday, January 20 and 21, at her home, 120 Avenue road.

Mrs. Arkell of the Priory has returned from a visit in England with her sister, Lady de Hochepied Larpet. Miss Ethel Greenwood of Sutton is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Russell Greenwood, of Bedford road, who on Wednesday week gave a very jolly dance for some of the "not-outs," her sons' and daughters' friends.

Mrs. Spence of 189 Jameson avenue will not receive until the first Friday in February.

Mrs. Sydney E. Hessin will hold her post-nuptial reception at 7 Gloucester street on the afternoon and evening of January 23, and afterwards will be at home the second and third Mondays.

Son of the House—Won't you sing something, Miss Muriel? Miss M.—Oh, I daren't after such good music as we have been listening to. Son of the House—But I'd rather listen to your singing than to any amount of good music!—"Punch."

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## Innocence Island.

Tale of Buried Treasure.

### FRED WHISHAW.

The story opens with a "misunderstanding" between two lovers; the girl, in order to please the man she really loves, gives hope to Dick Robinson, a young sailor, just starting on board the "Hecuba" for San Francisco. A shipwreck on the south coast brings forth the heroic qualities of the real lover, but though weeks pass on he does not seek reconciliation. The "Hecuba" loses its captain and Jake Foster takes his place. The ship is wrecked on an uninhabited island; all lives are saved and the main cargo, among which are six huge boxes of gold. The crew decide to stop in the island for some years in the hope of appropriating the treasure (which they conceal), and they pass stringent laws to meet cases of desertion, etc. Nevertheless Dick Robinson, who wants to be home, sighting a ship, signals and rows out in face of Jake Foster's threats.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### The Escape.

When Jake Foster had fired his two shots he was obliged to reload and this took him some time. The interval allowed Robinson to gain fifty yards, and the next two shots fell short. The steamer was still a mile away. At sound of the shooting she had set up a strident whistling as though to warn all parties that she was coming and would expect an explanation of the affair.

Just as Dick reached the big vessel he caught sight of the "Hecuba's" second boat sweeping round into open water in pursuit of him. They had not been long in hunting up the oars, then.

A rope ladder was thrown over the side of the big ship and Dick climbed aboard. Someone in the small boat fired a shot at him as he shinned up. A voice from the deck of the steamer angrily bade the shooter "Stow that, or he'll blow the whole bally boat out of the water." "Take your guns, half a dozen of you," he added in a lower voice, "and if that idiot fires again, shoot him down—we can't have bullets flying about here promiscuously."

The shot was a fortunate thing for Dick, as it happened, for it put the steamer folk on his side, from the first. One of the ship's officers greeted the refugee as he climbed panting on deck.

"Now, then, what's all this—who are you, and what the devil have you done to set those fellows firing?"

"For God's sake don't let them come aboard—don't let them nab me—they'll murder me if you do," Dick panted. "I've done no harm."

"Who are you then, man? Come—don't stand and shiver! Tell us what's up. They shan't touch you till we know the rights of it."

"We're a shipwrecked crew, and I'm the only one that wants to be taken off the island; they won't let me go for fear—for fear they're forced to go, too, and they want to stay," Dick explained, panting. "Why do they want to stay?"

asked the officer, but his speech was interrupted.

At this moment a man in the bows of the small boat fired a second shot. The bullet grazed Robinson's forearm, but in an instant one of the steamer's crew shot the fellow dead, and he fell over into the water, rife and all. The boat dashed up to the ship's side, but the officer bade the crew keep off. "We can't have a boatload of raving idiots let loose on deck," he said. "What do you want with this chap—what's he done, and who the devil are you?"

"He's violating his solemn oath to stay on the island like the rest of us until we give him leave to go," shouted the bosun from the stern sheets. "We have our laws in the island and he's broken them; we're a little republic here, and don't want no outside interference."

"That means you've been up to some infernal work, I'll be bound," said the ship's officer. "Mutinied, I suppose, and murdered your skipper, and so forth. This will have to be enquired into, my friend."

"The skipper's alive and well on the island, and so's the two mates. We aren't forced to be taken off the island, I suppose, if we prefer to stay; you can't force us."

"That depends, my friend. To start with, what's the name of your ship and where is she?"

"The 'Three Brothers,' and she's gone to the bottom this two years or more, with all she had on board except twenty-six chests, officers and crew, and what was saved in these two boats."

"How came you by the 'Hecuba's' boats, then, my man? Come, you're lying very stupidly. You should have scraped the names off. Go back to your island. We shall take this fellow with us, since he is anxious to go; but be sure there'll be enquiries."

"Well, I'll just tell that damned fool there before we go," shouted the bosun, "that if he gets telling any of his lies about us he won't get off scot-free. He won't, anyway, let him be sure of that, even though he may have escaped for now. You'll be big fools if you believe a word he says, for he's the greatest liar that ever chewed a quid. He was the only bad 'un in the ship, and we're d—n well rid of him, except that he'll tell your lies about us and try to get us into trouble."

With this fulmination the bosun addressed a string of unrecorded remarks to Dick Robinson, after which he bade his crew put the boat about and row back to the island. The officer laughed and waved his hand.

"They seem fond of you, those chaps," he said. "Come now, the truth, what have they been up to and what have you done?"

"They've done no harm that I know of," said Dick. "nor have I. They want a rest and made a law they wouldn't go back to work for three years. I disagreed and ran away at the first opportunity, and that's the truth as I live by bread."

"Lord, what an innocent lot you all are, if we're to believe you. You should call your island 'Innocence Island,' as it

doesn't seem to have a name on the chart. Where did the 'Hecuba' go down?"

"She ran on the reef, disabled by the gale, and broke up. There wasn't any mutiny. All that can be proved, the skipper and mates are alive and well. It's perfectly true. I want to get home and they don't—there's nothing wrong, so help me."

"Well, that'll have to be enquired into. They may be another set of chaps like the Pitcairn fellows, anxious to form a colony of their own. Take the exact bearings of the island, Mr. Lewis, before we go on."

Thus Dick Robinson escaped and was carried back to San Francisco. Here the captain of the British steamer which had rescued him reported his strange discovery of an island inhabited by British sailors. According to this report the steamer was driven out of her course by a violent gale, when she sighted Innocence Island, as the captain had humorously called it, halfway between the Sandwich Isles and Marshall Island. These sailors appeared to be the crew of the British ship "Hecuba," reported lost. They had settled themselves comfortably upon the island, which was fertile and well supplied with water; and they desired to be left alone. The "Hecuba's" captain, who had resigned at San Francisco, so that a list of men and officers was easily procurable, and the captain suggested that if skipper and mates were found to be alive and well, upon verification of this list, and no good reason were found for bringing the men away, they should be left in peace. A further suggestion was that goats and pigs, for breeding purposes, should be taken and left upon the island by the enquiring party.

It so happened that within a week a British gunboat would depart upon her annual visit to the Pitcairn islanders, carrying the yearly mail, together with stores and so forth, and it was arranged that she should also call upon the new colony, make enquiries on the spot, and act according to results.

Dick fell ill at San Francisco, partly the result of the excitement and terror experienced during his escape, and partly by reason of the slight wound in his arm, which festered and contributed not a little to the attack of fever which laid him low.

The gunboat sailed while he lay ill in hospital, and two months had passed before he was well enough to go about once again and think of returning to England. Another fortnight went by before he contrived to secure his passage by a British vessel bound for Southampton. Dick had very little left of his pay when he sailed, and this he saved for use in England, signing on as an extra hand and working his way home before the mast.

But as his ship hauled out of port another vessel passed close alongside, coming in. It was the British gunboat. And those of the crew of Dick's ship who happened to be standing near him at the moment were surprised to see the latter suddenly point with his finger towards the incoming vessel, and then fall flat upon the deck, foaming at the mouth and uttering unintelligible words.

"The fool thinks he's seen a ghost," said one of his companions, pulling the unconscious Dick out of the way and placing a coil of rope under his head. He was too busy to pay the poor fellow further attention at the moment, but Dick required none, for he recovered presently and went about his work, grim and silent and taciturn, indeed, but able to do his duty. He was a bad companion during the voyage, and the rest of his watch thought him a poor fool and a depressing comrade. What had so affected the man may best be explained by relating in a few words that which happened upon the island on the return of the bosun and subsequently.

The bosun held consultation with Foster and his parliament. At this meeting the first half of the hour spent in debate was devoted exclusively to the condemnation of Dick Robinson; to eager aspiration for his confusion in this and other worlds; to loud and violent abuse of the unfortunate man who had shot at and missed the offender and who had paid the penalty by his own death.

Next it was agreed that the six boxes of treasure should be dug up and removed elsewhere, in case Dick should have it in his mind to give away the secret of its former hiding-place.

Lastly it was enacted that in case an enquiring party should land upon the island two men, to be chosen by lot, but excluding the skipper and mates, should return with the enquirers, be landed wherever they could and take the first ship for Southampton. If Dick Robinson could be caught alive and brought back for trial and execution so much the better; if not, he must be dealt with in some quiet spot according to the discretion of the emissaries.

Lots were drawn and the duty of following Robinson and "dealing with him when found" fell to two men, by name Ted Evans and Dave Inglis, neither of whom were known at Seadown.

The gunboat duly arrived and made enquiry, but since the "Hecuba's" list of men and officers was fairly complete and those absent were satisfactorily accounted for, there seemed no reason to doubt that the desire of the crew to remain upon the island was genuine, if surprising.

"We can't force you to go if you wish to stay," said the captain, "but I may tell you that it seems a foolish enterprise on your part to cut yourselves off from heaven knows how long from friends and relations in England. Some of you must be married men and others engaged to be married. Come, do none of you wish to return?"

Evans and Inglis stood out.

"We've given these two leave to go, sir, as they're so minded, and if you'll take them," said Foster. "As for us

stayin' on, we want a bit of a rest from seafarin', and that's the whole truth. These two chaps can let our folks know we're alive and hearty, and comin' back in a year or two."

"As you will," laughed the skipper; and when he sailed away, presently, Evans and Inglis sailed with him: it was the sight of them standing and talking on the deck of the gunboat as she hauled into port at San Francisco that set poor Dick Robinson foaming at the mouth and kicking on board the outgoing vessel.

Perhaps the astute reader will also connect with this incident the picture lightly sketched at the end of chapter two, of a mysterious, haggard stranger who hung about the docks watching incoming vessels as though he expected or feared some arrival.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### Bloodhounds.

Dick Robinson had been ten days in Southampton and had done nothing. The simple terror of knowing that he was to be pursued by two of his late comrades from Innocence Island seemed to have paralyzed him. He dared not leave the docks; yet, if he should see the bloodhounds arrive, blood-hot, upon his track, he feared he should die on the spot.

Meanwhile his heart yearned with a great desire to know what had passed and was passing at Seadown. That little town was but seven miles away, yet he dared not go there, dared not leave the docks. Fear—the fear of what he might suddenly see there—fascinated and held him.

"When I know exactly where they are it won't be so bad, and I can dodge them," he thought. "Till I've seen them and found out what they're going to do, I can't have any peace."

On the eleventh or twelfth day, in the public-house by the water side at which he slept and took his meals, Dick suddenly caught sight of a face he knew. This was a pale youth of eighteen or less, one Harry Beadon, from Seadown. Harry stood at the bar drinking with others of his age, boys anxious to ship as youngsters in any vessel that would take them on. Harry was half-drunk and did not know Dick, though it was doubtful whether he would have recognized him had he been sober, so haggard and ill did Robinson look at this time.

Seeing that he was not recognized, the older man ventured to speak to the youth as the two left the place at the closing hour.

"I like your face," he said. "Come and have a drink and a talk in my room upstairs. I live in the house, and you can stay as long as you like."

"I don't mind," said Harry, laughing. "I'm not particular."

Upstairs Dick produced cheap cigars, and a supply of drink was brought up.

"What I like about your face," said Dick, "is that it reminds me so strongly of Seadown and the folks I used to know there, years ago."

"I come from there myself," exclaimed Harry, "though I don't remember your face that I know of. If it was years ago it could scarcely have been me, could it—my dad, maybe—Beadon, Skipper Beadon, are you?"

"What? You're not young Harry Beadon, are you?" said Dick.

The youth laughed.

"That's my very name; what's yours?"

Dick mentioned one that was imaginary. The youth shook his head. "Ah, well," continued Dick, "I left home before you was old enough to remember. Ten years is a long time. I was a lad myself then. Come now, let's hear of all the old folks. When was you there lately?"

"Yesterday. Who do you want to hear about?"

Dick mentioned a few names. "Then there was young Keith Adams," he continued, "a man of about my own age—is he alive?"

"Keith Adams? Everyone knows him; he's one of the very best! Alive? Just a bit—plays football for the county; a treat! I wish there was more like him!"

"He ain't married yet, is he?" asked Dick, and his heart stood still as he waited for the lad to answer. It seemed an age before Harry replied, though as a matter of fact he did but raise his glass and half empty it before speaking.

"Ah, that's the worst of it—married he is!"

"He is?" cried Dick, almost shouting aloud in his excitement. "Who to?"

"Lord!" said Harry laughing, "one would think it was to your own best girl, mate. What makes you so excited?"

Robinson pulled himself together and made a show of laughing.

"He was always my greatest friend," he said. "One doesn't care to hear of all the best chaps chucking themselves away! Well, who did he marry?"

"Maybe you remember a bloke called Robinson," said the lad; he was half drunk or he must have noticed the start his companion gave. "Dick Robinson, him as was drowned two years ago in that ship what went down in the Pacific—'Hec'—something, I forget the name."

"Well!" murmured Dick faintly. "What of him?"

"There was a wench what had promised him, so they say, before he sailed, that if he'd come back she'd marry him. Well, this 'ere Keith, he'd been sweet on the girl, too, and when Robinson got drowned he went for her—so they say—whenever he was ashore, and gave her no peace till she'd married him."

At this point of the conversation young Harry Beadon received a shock which was so violent and unexpected that he remembered it for long. The stranger suddenly seized him by the throat and shook him as though he had gone mad and fancied himself a terrier and the other a rat.

"You damned young liar!" he yelled, "she never did! It's a lie—confess it's a lie, or by thunder, I'll shake you into a jelly! Come, speak!"

"That's a lie! Let go of my neck, you damned fool! What are you doing? You're throttling me!" cried the lad, struggling. "Let go, I say! What's a lie? What's the matter?"

Dick Robinson suddenly realized that he was making a fool of himself. He let the lad go with a mumbled apology. "I beg your pardon," he said lamely. "It's the drink, I suppose. I felt terrible excited, suddenly. I do at times, since I was ill down 'Frisco way. You shouldn't have joked me about this 'ere Adams being a show. I was looking forward to seein' a lot of him now I'm back, and I shouldn't if he was married. I'm sorry I was so rough. You was jokin', wasn't you?"

"Well, if he isn't married, he's pretty near it. You'd better go and shake him as you shook me and maybe he'll change

his mind about it. But I don't advise you to try it. He's not the kind to like it; nor am I if I wasn't half drunk. What for'd you go and play the fool for that way? Look at my tie!"

"Well, I told you I was sorry. Come now, I'll tell you a secret and then maybe you'll understand. It's like this: I don't remember this 'ere Robinson you speak of, but there was a girl both me and Keith was fond of in the old days, and when first you spoke of 'im bein' married I was fool enough to think it was her, and the thought made me a bit mad. It ain't likely to be her! That was a long time ago, and though I want her still, I don't suppose he does, as there's this new one as he nearly married. It ain't a young woman called Lucy Smith, now, is it?"

"No, it ain't. If she's your girl maybe you'll keep your hands off me in future."

"And this Adams isn't married after all—not quite married, I think you said. Lord, I was wrong all round and behaved badly by you. Well, you'll forgive me, I dare say."

"I don't bear malice, but you'd best mind what you're about, you and your garrotin' ways. One day you'll lay hold of someone who isn't half drunk and he'll lay you out before you know what's doin' you. You don't look over-strong."

"He been ill, that's why. Take five shillings and forget all about it, come!" Harry pocketed the two half-crowns offered him, and laughed.

"I may forget it and I may not," he said; "but, anyway, you needn't fret, for I won't bear no malice."

By the time Harry rose to his feet and staggered downstairs and away to his quarters Robinson and he were bosom friends. Harry had sworn secrecy. Not a word should be repeated at Seadown what had occurred; indeed, the interview should not so much as be mentioned.

Yet on the following day, while Harry Beadon was slowly and painfully recovering from the effects of his dissipation, one impression loomed prominently above all else in connection with his conversation with the mysterious stranger, and this was that he must go back to Seadown and warn Keith Adams that some madman had sworn all manner of terrible things against him, though Harry could not for the life of him remember the exact grievance adduced. Keith, for whom the lad, in common with every other youngster in Seadown, cherished the greatest admiration as a hero of the first order, must be warned; that was the one important matter, and Harry was delighted to think that it had fallen to him to render so great a man a service.

Nevertheless, he felt too ill to return to Seadown that day. He spent the day in bed, in which respect he was like Dick Robinson, who was ill with fever, the direct result of the shock and excitement of last night's interview.

Harry was somewhat shaky and feeble even on the second day. He resolved, however, to walk out to Seadown, the air and exercise would do him good. But at Brendon, halfway to the little town, he entered the public-house in order to spend part of Dick's five shillings, and here he met with an adventure which provided him with more material for reflection and for wonder.

At the bar of the public-house stood two men conversing with the landlord, whom, apparently, they did not find communicative; for he was either unable or unwilling to supply them with information. He was there, he said, to deal in ale and other comforting liquids for his customers and to take their money in exchange, not to supply information to any stranger who chose to come along and try to pump it out of him.

"Maybe you take us for detectives," said one of the strangers; "but we ain't anything of the sort, are we, mate?"

"Never you mind what I take you for, governor," said the landlord. "Maybe you're right and maybe you're wrong. You hold your own counsel and I'll hold mine; and when you've drunk your ale and paid for it you can go your way without bein' asked questions."

The two fellows found Harry Beadon somewhat more communicative.

"Going to Seadown, sonny?" asked one of them.

"Maybe," said Harry. "Are you?"

"Not if you can save us the trouble. There's a drink and a dollar to follow for you if you'll answer a few questions."

"What, about Seadown?" said Harry with genuine astonishment. "Why, everyone seems to want to know about the place—you're the second in two days."

"That's an odd thing, too," said the man. "What, and paid you for information?"

"Paid me? Yes; and well, too."

"Call your drink and come outside on the bench; we can talk more private and comfortable there," said the other.

Harry ordered his beer, for which the stranger paid, and took it out to the little table and bench in front of the inn.

"Now, then," said the stranger—one of them seemed to do all the talking; the other listened, scowling for the most part. "Now, then, first of all, who was the other who paid you for information about Seadown?"

"Lord knows; I don't," said Harry.

#### It Pays

##### To Know Facts About Coffee.

When man takes properly selected food and drink, Nature will most always assert herself and rebuild the structure properly.

"From my earliest remembrance I was a confirmed coffee drinker," writes a gentleman from Marshallville, Ga., "taking two cups at nearly every meal. While at college I became very nervous, dyspeptic, irritable and unfit for study, and attributed it largely to coffee, but did not stop its use."

"When I was married I found my wife was troubled the same way, and we decided to try Postum Food Coffee. My wife made the Postum according to directions and we found it superb. We used it exclusively for the morning beverage, and the taste of ordinary coffee became distasteful to both of us."

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It is easy to replace coffee with Postum, which has, when properly made, a rich flavor and the color of coffee, with none of its injurious after-effects.

The good things of the world are for those who will use them. *في الله*

## LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA

is one of the good things.

truthfully; "except that he was as mad as a hare and half killed me."

"What was that for, and what had you done?"

"Nothing worse than answer his questions. One of my answers displeased him and he must needs half strangle me, curse him. What have I to do with his blamed girl or the other chap's?"

"Of course you haven't—nothing whatever. What was this madman like, now; can you describe him? A small man, was he, with red hair and spectacles?"

"Is that like the chap you want to hear about?" Harry laughed, "for if so I haven't seen him. This bloke had dark hair and was tall, with a thin, yellowish face and eyes that rolled about like this." Harry made his eyes move in their sockets. "He wanted to hear about some of the Seadown folks that I know, and while I told him about them he grew mad. He'd only come a few days, he said, from 'Frisco and wanted to—"

At this point the conversation was suddenly interrupted by the more silent of the two strangers, who rose with a loud curse from his seat and brought down his fist upon the table with so much violence that he upset a beer mug.

(To be continued.)

#### A Mother's Care.

Every mother knows the constant care a little child requires, and to the young and inexperienced mother who is caring for her first baby there is no other book in her life more trying. In the little ills that are certain to come to all infants and young children, the mother—especially the young and inexperienced mother—scarcely knows what to do. It is to meet emergencies of this kind that Baby's Own Tablets are offered to all mothers. These Tablets are an absolute cure for all the minor ailments of little ones, and should constantly be kept in every home where there are young children. "Sickness comes quickly—with Baby's Own Tablets at hand the emergency is promptly met. Mrs. R. H. Latue, Mountain, Ont., says: "I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers who have cross or delicate children. I do not know how I could get along without them." The Tablets are guaranteed free from opiates or harmful drugs, and crushed to a powder may be administered with absolute safety to a new-born babe.

Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

#### Rather Have the Money.

The business methods of insurance companies are not at all to the liking of a shrewd old German farmer with whom a certain agent had some dealings. The house of the farmer, insured for a thousand dollars, had burned down, says the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat."

The privilege of replacing a burned house is reserved by insurance companies, and the agent, having this in mind, said to the farmer:

"We'll put you up a better house than the one you had for six hundred dollars."

"Nein!" said the farmer, emphatically. "I will not put one thousand dollars or nothing. But house could not be built again for even a thousand."

"Oh, yes, it could," said the insurance man. "It was an old house. It doesn't cost so much to build houses nowadays. A six-hundred-dollar new house would be a lot bigger and better than the old one."

Some months later, when the insurance man was out for a day's shooting, he rode up again to the farmer's place.

"Just thought I'd stop while I was up here," he said, "to see if you wanted to take out a little insurance."

"I got notions to insure," said the farmer—"notions but my wife."

"Well, then," said the insurance man, cheerfully, "insure her."

"Nein!" said the farmer, with determination. "If she die, you come out here and say, 'I not gif you one thousand dollar. I get you a bigger and a better vife for six hundred.' No, sir, I dakes no more insurance out!"

#### Stories of Sam Steele.

CRIMEAN veterans recall General Sir George Brown, who commanded the Light Division, as the typical representative of old-fashioned "pipe-clay" traditions. Sir George's extremes, though, were not a whit more extravagant in the one direction than (so re-

port insists) Colonel Sam Steele's have been on the other. Colonel Steele, it may be remembered, led the Strathcona in the late war. Though probably half the stories told about him are inventions or exaggerations, his name is still a household word among colonial in South Africa. One day a British officer complained to Steele that he met troopers of the Strathcona Horse who did not salute him. "Why, confound them," was the answer, "they won't even salute me!"

It is acknowledged that Sam Steele knew his men thoroughly and got an immense deal of good work out of them. Still incidents like the following do not make for military discipline. They are attested by a Toronto man lately back from South Africa.

"They say General Buller was annoyed at him, but soon got over it. Steele, in his shirt sleeves and smoking his famous short clay pipe, would sit at the door of his tent when Buller and his staff came riding past. The first time this happened everybody was petrified except Colonel Sam, who was quite at his ease. 'Well, General,' he said, 'anything doing to-day?' General Buller politely stated that nothing special was being done. 'Well,' said Colonel Steele, 'I think you should send a bunch of the boys off to the right there. The blankety blank Boers are fiddling round over there all right enough.'"

It was Colonel Sam Steele, too, who, being invited by Lord Milner to Government House at Capetown, declined the invitation on the ground that "things of that kind weren't in his line."

**Sure Enough.**

"John," said a frightened wife in the middle of the night, "there's something moving downstairs, I'm sure!"

John listened intently.

"Oh, it's nothing but the gas meter pegging away," he said with a sigh of relief.—"Pick-Me-Up."

#### Blackmail.

"Did you drop this ten dollar bill, mister?" "Why, yes; thank you." "Well, it's er counterfeit, an' if youse don't gib me er dollar I'll squeal on youse. See?"

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**The BOOK WORM**

**M**R. GOLDWIN SMITH has published recently a pamphlet of seventy pages, entitled "An Apology for Canadians Who Were Opposed to the South African War" (Toronto: William Tyrrell & Co.). Regarded merely as a political polemic—as the equipped and well skilled pleader's presentation of a case that is perhaps a bad case and possibly a good one—this little book is a most vigorous piece of writing. When it is said that it is worthy to rank as a companion tract to "Commonwealth or Empire?" by the same author (already reviewed in this column) some idea can be formed of its power and cogency, by those who have read the latter volume. Of course, one does not turn to the writings of the master of "The Grange" on political or historical questions, expecting judicial sang froid or non-committal statement. Dr. Goldwin Smith has, in the best sense, a partisan mind. Rightly or wrongly, he cannot but take sides. On every subject of controversy he holds a brief, but it is the brief of progress, of humanity, of liberal thought, as he conceives them; and if we ever think him mistaken, we attribute the error to his judgment and not to his heart. The great tribune and fearless protagonist steps into "the court of history" in the present case, with more than the traditional great deal of wit and vigour of learning. Every page, every paragraph, bristles with argument, illustration, fact and allusion. But, more important, every sentence, almost, tingles with a sense of the writer's sincerity and conviction. Here and there one regrets a descent to special pleading, a tendency to deal with some fact as an isolated thing, outside the general drift of the discussion, a yielding to the temptation to answer petty argument in kind. Yet it must be admitted that, generally speaking, it is Professor Goldwin Smith's peculiar merit as a controversialist, to lead discussion from lower and more particular to higher and more general planes. And in this belated but vigorous contribution to the literature of the war, the author very markedly accomplishes this end. The fundamental rights and liberties of citizenship and of nationality are the subjects to which any large consideration of the Boer war inevitably leads, and to which Dr. Goldwin Smith forces the reasoning in his apology. "If nationality and national emulation are necessary instruments of human well-being and progress, as has been hitherto assumed, it is a serious thing to kill a nation." This is almost the last sentence in the book. It is the thesis to which all the historical detail and logical elaboration of seventy pages contribute. The Boer war, like other wars, is now undoubtedly in "the court of history." The tribunal is not composed merely of British citizens. Every citizen of the world is a member of the jury. That jury may never be unanimous on the soundness of this or that learned advocate's position. But in any event they must hear all sides patiently and with open minds, and in no event can they ignore the summing-up of one who speaks out of a full heart, as a man to men.

"The New Cook Book," issued by the Rose Publishing Company, Toronto, and edited by Mrs. Grace E. Denison (Lady Gay of "Saturday Night"), will doubtless be well received by the ladies of Canada. It contains a great variety of household recipes from many sources, including Delmonico's, the Waldorf-Astoria, McCook's, Webb's, and nearly two hundred ladies of Toronto and other cities. There is, to start with, a clearly-stated and well-illustrated treatise on "How to Carve." Following this is a "House-keeper's Time Table," showing the time of cooking and the time of digestion of the principal articles of diet. In addition to a summary of articles required in the kitchen, and a table of house-keepers' weights and measures, there are introductory articles on the cooking of all the principal courses and varieties of food. These are followed by the recipes, over one thousand in number, and all tested and tried. The price of the book, which has some 400-odd pages, and is substantially bound in oilcloth, is \$1 per copy.

"Nature Study, or Stories in Agriculture," by members of the staff of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, and published by the Ontario Government as Agricultural Bulletin No. 124, is a little book from which a great deal of information and much genuine pleasure can be derived. It is not surprising that this pamphlet has won wide popularity in the short period since it was published, nor that edition after edition will likely have to be issued to meet the demand.

**Did You Ever Know**  
That Improper Food Often Causes the Liquor Habit?

It's a great proposition to get rid of a taste for liquor by changing food. "About three years ago," writes a man from Lowry City, Mo., "my appetite failed me and my food disagreed with me. I got weak and nervous, and felt dull and entirely unfit for business; then, like a fool, I went to taking liquor to stimulate my appetite. For a time that seemed to help, and I congratulated myself on finding so simple a remedy. But, alas! I had to take more and more all the time, until I got so that I could not get along without the whisky, and I was in a pitiable condition. "I tried to quit, but that seemed impossible, as I needed nourishment, and my stomach rejected food, and the more whisky I drank the worse I got. I kept fighting this battle for more than two years, and almost gave up all hope. "I noticed an advertisement of Grape-Nuts in the paper and concluded to try it. I found I could eat Grape-Nuts with a relish, and it was the first food that I found nourished me in a long time. Soon my stomach trouble stopped, my appetite increased, the craving thirst relaxed until all desire for drink was gone. I have used Grape-Nuts constantly for over a year, and I am now strong and robust, entirely cured from drink, and able to work hard every day. My gratitude for Grape-Nuts is unexpressed, as it has saved my life and reputation." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

In an introductory article on "Nature Study," President Mills of the O.A.C. points out that the aim of this study is to interest people in natural objects, which most of us see and think we are familiar with, but which, owing to our defective observation, we are generally grossly ignorant of. The materials for nature-study are everywhere—the soil, the plants and the animal, and we observe and know these opens up a field of unending pleasure and profit, and makes the daily walk through the world of duty infinitely less irksome than to the man who knows nothing but his own little specialty. The subjects treated of in the various chapters of the book are: A Handful of Earth, the story of Plant Roots, of a Grain of Wheat, of a Loaf of Bread, of the Yeast Plant, of a Pound of Butter, of the Cabbage Butterfly, of the Bees, of the Bird of an Apple, of Sugar, of an Egg, of Wool, of a Colt. These are subjects that should interest not only the children of country-dwellers, who come into daily contact with them, but even more the boys and girls of cities, who, as a rule, know so little of the natural world, yet require just such knowledge in order to give sanity and health to their intellectual growth.

Two new books for which the Copp, Clark Company (Limited) have secured the Canadian market are "The Circle," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, and "Truth," by Emile Zola. They will both be published in the early part of this year. A rather unique interest attaches itself to these two books, "The Circle" being an extraordinary first book by an unknown writer, about which the English publishers, and also the American publishers, are equally enthusiastic. On the other hand, "Truth" is the last work of a voluminous writer of world-wide fame.

The Copp, Clark Company (Limited) will publish this month "Observations," a new book by Mr. Dooley.

Sir Gilbert Parker, author of "The Right of Way," is engaged with the playwright in putting the finishing touches to a dramatization of his story, "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," which has been done by an American woman, Mrs. Geneva Ingersoll Nash. Sir Gilbert thoroughly approves Mrs. Nash's work, which in its method is based on her own experience as an actress. She will probably dramatize other stories of Sir Gilbert Parker's. His novel, "The Right of Way," has achieved the unusual distinction among novels of the day of still being one of the best-selling books a year after publication.

"Three of Them," by Maxim Gorky, the Victor Hugo of Russia, is translated faithfully and apparently loses little of its horror, its luridly, its abjectness. To read this tale of the doings, sufferings, thoughts and strivings, the yearnings and the sinning of some of Russia's submerged tenth, is to load the heart with a vague ache and cloud the soul with fear. But one understands a very little of the depth and the denseness of the darkness in which the lately-freed serfs of Russia are groping to the dawn, after one has followed Ilia from his convict birth to his desperate death. One gasps to recall the men and the women who fill the tale of his experience, and remembers with a pain or protest his longing for an orderly, clean and respectable life. This is the keynote of the only harmony one can find in the sorry dirge. Hugo has nothing more pathetic, nothing so strong, so terrible, as the story of the three Russian peasants, encompassed by vice and conquered by it. And one recoils from it, because the conviction seizes upon one that it is absolutely true. Unwin's Colonial Library (new set), No. 136.

Annie L. Jack has written a collection of daily little stories of last life, introduced by a very touching account of the cloistering of a little French-Canadian orphan, who took refuge thus from the temptation to marry out of her own faith. All the symbolism, sensitive superstition and the climax of the little sketch prepare one to like well its fellows, which run up and down the scale from comedy to tragedy. "Kitchen Sunshine" is quaintly clever, but the "Little Orphan of St. Jerome" is the best sketch in the book. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

**Coal and Coal Oil.**  
Coal oil or gas heaters are very useful just now, when coal is so expensive and hard to get. G. & J. Murray carry a nice line. Get their prices. Tel. Main 1121.

**Sunday as a Social Holiday.**

**I**N all the larger cities of the United States there is nowadays no other social holiday equal to Sunday. There are some sorts of diversion that are still forbidden on Sunday by social conventions. Nobody ever heard, for instance, of a cotillion on Sunday or a tea to introduce a debutante. But there are gallons of informal tea poured in drawing-rooms every Sunday afternoon, and there are dinners on Sunday night—formal dinners at home and dinners at fashionable restaurants. Many hostesses prefer the latter, and as a result Sunday night is the most difficult time of any to find tables at a popular restaurant. In New York the vogue of the restaurant is even more pronounced, and it is very difficult for people to get tables at Sherry's, Delmonico's, or the Waldorf-Astoria. At these places a certain number of tables are always kept for guests who agree to come there to dinner every Sunday during the winter, or let the waiter know during the afternoon that they will not. "Then, on Monday," one manager informed a New York "Sun" writer, "the orders for tables for the next Sunday begin to come in. If there happens to be a large party—six or eight—we sometimes get word two or three weeks in advance. That is necessary. Then, throughout the week the orders come in until by Saturday the two dining-rooms are filled, and we could seat twice as many persons. The orders continue to come in all day on Sunday, and we set tables in the hall. That leaves no place for the casual guests who are certain to come without taking the trouble to telephone in advance. They make up almost half the attendance, and there must be room for them. So we bring down tables and chairs from the ball-room upstairs and spread tables in the men's cafe. Then, with only room enough to pass between the tables, every inch of available space is taken. This continues from the middle of October until May.

And during the past five years that I have been in this restaurant, I have noticed the Sunday night crowd getting bigger every winter."

**The Value of Charcoal.**  
Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose. Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables. Charcoal effectively clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic. It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but, on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

**Pickwick up to Date.**  
(Mr. Jingle's Elopement.)

"HEY'RE gone, sir—gone clean off, sir!" gasped the servant. "Who's gone?" said Mr. Wardle fiercely.

"Mister Jingle and Miss Rachel—started off in a motor hired ten minutes since, and—"

"Quick!" shouted Mr. Wardle, "my car, at once! John, Harry—some of you—go and get the petrol! Tom, my respirator and spectacles this instant! Come along, Pickwick, we'll catch 'em in less than no time—out of the way, Winkle, out of the way! Here we are—jump in, Pickwick. Stand clear there!"

And in less than time it takes to describe the event the two intrepid old gentlemen had started on their chase. Away they went, down the narrow lanes, jolting in and out of the cart-ruts and bumping against the hedges on either side.

"Is it—is it safe?" mumbled Mr. Pickwick behind his respirator, as he peered anxiously through his goggles into the surrounding darkness.

"Hope so," replied Wardle, fumbling with the speed-gear. "Wish I understood this blessed machinery better, though. Only had a motor a week, and—"

A violent cannon against a signpost cut the remark short. For a while there was silence. Then Mr. Pickwick, who had been sniffing uneasily, broke the silence once more.

"My dear good friend," he gasped, "what is this abominable smell?" "Acetylene," rejoined Mr. Wardle abruptly. "Something gone wrong with the lamp. Look out, sharp corner here—and now we go downhill. Sit tight!"

But to comply with this direction was impossible. Mr. Pickwick was thrown

up and down in his seat like a cork. His goggles were jerked from his nose, his cap blown like a feather towards the sky, his whole body converted into one tremendous bruise.

"Ah, we're moving now," cried Mr. Wardle exultingly—and indeed they were moving. Fields, hedges and trees seemed to rush from them with the velocity of a whirlwind. Suddenly Mr. Pickwick exclaimed with breathless eagerness: "Here they are!"

Yes, a few hundred yards ahead of them was a motor, on which the well-known form of Jingle was plainly discernible. It was traveling quite slowly, and Mr. Wardle increased his speed yet further with a shout of triumph. "We have them, Pickwick, we have them!" he cried, while the car flew like a streak of lightning. And then suddenly—a bump—a crash—and Mr. Wardle and Mr. Pickwick found themselves seated in the middle of the road, which was strewn with fragments of their machine. Two members of the constabulary were coiling up a rope which, stretched across the highway, had procured their downfall. A third policeman licked his pencil, and produced a notebook.

"Thought our rope would spoil your little game. Thirty-seven miles an hour, I make it. Names and addresses, please?"

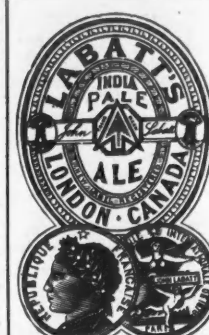
Jingle's car had stopped a short way ahead. "Ta-ta, Pickwick," he shouted "good-bye, Wardle—measured—scorching a mistake—police waiting—twigg'd 'em directly—slowed down. If lucky—option of fine—probably imprisonment. Well, so long!" and restarting his machine, he disappeared—"Punch."

**Blunders in Public Speaking.**

Mr. Joseph Malins, in the "Prize Reiter," says: "A well-known public man was lately assured by the chairman that the assembly welcomed him 'with no unfeigned pleasure,' at which the visitor was so embarrassed as to say, 'I—I'm always glad to be here—or anywhere else. Those at the recent Birmingham town's meeting, on the bill touching the municipalization of the tramways, probably err in asserting that it was the mayor who ordered an interrupter to 'sit down and go out!' He was not as polite as a suburban councillor who delicately intimated that an opponent was 'doubtless afflicted with a slight impediment in his veracity.' Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, when Mayor of Birmingham, was less polite when he denied the 'allegation' of an opponent and repudiated the 'allegation.' In our presence a Gloucester-

**BACKACHE.**  
Backache is a forerunner and one of the most common symptoms of kidney trouble and womb displacement.  
**READ MISS BOLLMAN'S EXPERIENCE.**  
"Some time ago I was in a very weak condition, my work made me nervous and my back ached frightfully all the time, and I had terrible headaches. "My mother got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and it seemed to strengthen my back and help me at once, and I did not get so tired as before. I continued to take it, and it brought health and strength to me, and I want to thank you for the good it has done me."—Miss KATE BOLLMAN, 142nd St. & Wales Ave., New York City. —\$5000 forfeit (Original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.)

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N.B.—Have you ever tried Clark's delicious Pork and Beans?

shire speaker suggested that the pending proposition be postponed to the future—or some other time. The recent appointment by a Midland authority of a lady as medical officer brought a protest against women becoming medical men; which reminds one of the convening of a meeting of 'women of every class—regardless of sex or condition.' Sir Francis Scott, who commanded the late expedition in Ashantee, in subsequently reviewing his troops, said that 'if there had been any fighting there would have been many absent faces here to-day.' This reminds one of the scantily attended meeting at which we heard the chairman say, 'I am sorry to see so many absent faces here.'



## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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## Drama

"The Two Schools," played by one of Charles Frohman's companies at the Princess Theater this week, is one of the least noisome and most diverting of French comedies adapted for Anglo-Saxon audiences in recent years. It is by Alfred Capus, and comes from the "Varietes," Paris. This fact is enough to warrant its cleverness, but is not perhaps the best certificate of moral wholesomeness. Clever the play undoubtedly is, and as to the rest it may be said that if there are any indecencies in the original, such as French social satires of this class generally contain, these have been so vastly toned down and attenuated in the translation as to be hardly discoverable.

"The Two Schools" is in reality a lampoon on divorce as they have it in France. It pictures the gay, flirtatious men of the leisured class—the "jeunes dorees" and, one might add, the "vieilles dorees"—of the gay capital. It gives us an admirable caricature of the dull and underheaded pomposity of French bureaucracy and officialdom. Its women, with the exception of the adventurous, Estelle, are a good-hearted, complaisant, amiable lot, if quite lacking in sensitiveness to the finer things; even she, though thoroughly flippant and venal, and bad-tempered into the bargain, has that mysterious charm of all things Parisian, good or bad. The peccadilloes of married men I have always regarded as both an unpleasant and unprofitable subject for comedy, especially when the impression sought to be conveyed is that husbands as a class are faithless to their wives. But though "The Two Schools" suggests that men generally are far from morally immaculate, it stands to the credit of this play that it does not impugn the virtue of wives as well as husbands. Nor is its general tendency vicious, inasmuch as marital love is in the end exalted. Certainly "The Two Schools," French though it be, is far less demoralizing, to say nothing of its being infinitely more clever, than "A Modern Magdalen," which I had occasion to state somewhat severely a few weeks ago. It is a genuine comedy, there being scarce the faintest touch of farce, or on the other hand one of melodrama, from beginning to end. If Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who wrote the alleged comedy called "The Taming of Helen," which Mr. Henry Miller struggled with at the Princess Theater last week, wants to know wherein he falls short, let him see such a play as "The Two Schools" and then look again upon his own labored and hermaphroditic monstrosity. The Frohman company which presents the Capus play is a strong and well-chosen organization. Mr. Jameson Lee Finney, Mr. M. A. Kennedy and Mr. Winchell Smith are a trio of remarkably capable men in their varying and strongly contrasted roles. Equally delightful in the principal female parts are Miss Ida Conquest, Miss Ida Waterman and Miss Jessie Busley. All the minor characters are also well cast. Miss Conquest, it may be added, is a very fascinating woman, as well as a thoroughly convincing actress.

Though pugilism as a vocation is hardly considered decent, it is wonderful the crowds that will come out to gaze upon the manly form and listen to the mellifluous accents of a retired and ex-champion "slugger." The Empire Show, which is at Shea's Theater this week, is a meritorious one throughout, yet it is undoubtedly the magic name and presence of James J. Corbett that fills the house and the box-office till, rather than the general excellence of the performance. And after all, what is there to Mr. James Corbett's "stunt," except a few stale anecdotes and the halo of his rather lurid past? With perhaps three exceptions, Gentleman Jim has told identically the same stories as now on his previous appearances here. Some of them are not half bad stories, either, but even the best yarn will go lame if trotted out and worked hard day after day and year after year, as Jim works his. In the rest of the bill there is really nothing to find fault with. It is one of the most excellent shows of the season. The Geller troupe, in their statuesque posings, give a refined and pleasing performance. A very spirited sketch, in which the report of a horse race is received over the phone as the race is in progress, and which works up the interest of the audience to almost fever pitch, is given by Hal Davis and Inez Macauley. The Rialto Belles, nine pretty girls in handsome gowns, do a stunningly "smart" singing and dancing turn. Maud Nugent sings a lot of popular songs, with local allusions thrown in, and her manner, rather than voice, catches the house. Raymond and Caverly do an uproariously farcical German skit. The Three Meers, high wire performers; Pernane Brothers, English eccentric acrobats, and Kennedy and Rooney, dancers, contribute their full quota to the varied and interesting show.

A musical comedy, "The Major and the Judge," is at the Grand, with Tom Lewis and Sam J. Ryan playing the title roles. Like most shows of its kind, it has little plot. It treats of two tramps who personate the major and the judge, at Hotel Bouillon, Narragansett Pier. An actress and her company are staying here, and when the real judge turns up (who, by the way, is a rather funny burlesque on the "Private Secretary"), there is a general mix-up. In the last act the actresses take revenge upon the two impost-

ors. There is rather much noise and horse play, and the voices in the chorus are not the best. The costumes, too, are a trifle "seedy." In the second act the singing of the quartette is very good. John J. Cain, who plays the clerk of the hotel, has a decidedly fine voice, and would appear to advantage in a more artistic and refined production.

LANCE.

In "The Bonnie Brier Bush," to be seen at the Grand Opera House next week, there are many beauties of scenic effect which have claimed the most enthusiastic praises of the Eastern newspaper reviewers. There is one novelty, however, invented by Mr. John Stapleton, general stage manager for Kirke LaSelle, which is marvelously realistic—it is the gentle shower of wind-blown autumn leaves noticeable in the glen scene in Act 3. The manner of managing this effect is a professional secret, and one which Mr. Stapleton has revealed to but one other artist—Mr. Richard Mansfield. Mr. Mansfield's dying scene in "Cyrano" claimed so much of Mr. Stapleton's admiration that he offered the many-sided genius who created the long-nosed hero in English the use of his invention as a slight accession to the realism of the scene. Mr. Stoddart has even a better company than last year at the Princess Theater. It includes Reuben Fax, the Canadian comedian; Augustine Duncan, Miss Bessie Baldwin and Miss Gertrude Robinson of last season's cast, and Adelaide Cummings, Katharine Mulkins, Russell Bassett, Helen Holmes, and Al Phillips.

Martin Harvey, the distinguished young English actor, will on Monday next produce at the Princess Theater Freeman Wills' adaptation of Charles Dickens' great novel, "A Tale of Two Cities," known as "The Only Way." Mr. Harvey was not only the creator of the part of Sydney Carton, when he produced the play early in 1899 at the Lyceum Theater, but it was his performance in this drama which brought him to the front in a night as England's greatest young romantic actor. The play opens with a pro-



Martin Harvey as Sydney Carton.

logue in a garret in France, where the tyranny of the house of St. Evremonde over the peasantry and the consequent vengeance vowed by the Defarge family are depicted. The first act introduces us to Sydney Carton in his chambers in London, the warm-hearted, drifting drunkard, awakened for a while by the spell of Lucie Manette to think of better things. It was his delicate handling of this act, where one coarse or exaggerated touch would ruin the sad but stirring picture, that was the first step to Martin Harvey's success. The second act, the garden scene at Dr. Manette's, full of the atmosphere of Dickens, is of a somewhat lighter order, depicting the love scene of Lucie and Charles Darnay (son of St. Evremonde), the tracking down of Darnay by Defarge, and the exquisite confession of his hopeless love by Sydney Carton to Lucie Manette. The third act, the great tribunal scene, is the most stirring in the play. Here we have the bloodthirsty fury of the French populace, the very kernel of the Revolution, the mastery of defence of Darnay by Carton, who sways the fickle mob by his eloquence and humor, the consequent appearance of Defarge, ending in the condemnation of Darnay. The fourth act, full of pathos and realism, gives the great actor a chance of displaying the quiet determination of the hero—broken by the strong prison scene where he changes places with Darnay—to be completed in the final exit to the guillotine with the faithful little Mimi—true till death. It is a human story that appeals to one and all. It is one of Dickens' masterpieces admirably adapted to the boards. It has been said that Martin Harvey will fill the mantle of Sir Henry Irving, his old chief. He is surrounded by "Lyceum" traditions as well as by several members of the old Lyceum company. William Haviland, Fuller Mellich, Miss Amy Coleridge and Miss N. de Silva have been here several times before with Sir Henry.

As a headliner for next week, Mr. Shea has secured a one-act American-Japanese comedy entitled "The Miyos-San Company." It is said to be one of the prettiest acts in vaudeville. There is an illuminated tea house on one side of the stage, a veritable cluster of cherry and plum trees

on the other, the mountain Fujiama in the background, an abundance of overhanging foliage, the ground strewn with varicolored buds and leaves. Added to this there will be numerous pretty melodies, three pretty maidens, and a handsome young comedian, and there you have "Miyos-San." Loris and Altina will be seen in a shooting act which is said to be the only act of its kind. This team, composed of a man and a woman, do some very startling feats which are said to outdo the fame of William Tell. A singing act of special interest will be presented by Mr. and Mrs. Walt E. Weston. Mr. Weston doing the singing and Mrs. Weston operating the machine to illustrate his songs. Fisher and Carroll, two eccentric comedians; George B. Snyder and Harry Buckley in their musical comedy, "Baltz Wants a Drink;" Bertie Fowler, a clever mimic and beautiful woman; Will H. Murphy and Blanche Nichols in a skit entitled "The Bifurcated Girl;" the Three Millettes, acrobats and balancers, and John Ford, dancer, will be other strong features on the bill.

Mr. J. H. Stoddart, the well-known actor, who will be at the Grand Opera House next week, was born at Glasgow in 1827. He came to New York in 1854 and joined the elder Wallack's company, of which he is the only survivor. His first part in Wallack's company was that of an old man in a piece entitled "A Phenomenon in a Smock Frock." During the four seasons he remained with Wallack, he played a great number of parts, all, however, old men's characters. When Laura Keen and Mrs. Wood left Wallack's and took the house on Broadway, which was subsequently known as the Olympic Theater, he went with them and opened as Adam in "As You Like It." He remained at the Olympic several seasons, and when Boucicault opened the Winter Garden on Broadway, accepted an offer from him. Joseph Jefferson, Agnes Robertson and Mrs. John Woods were members of the company. Mr. Stoddart was with Boucicault until Mrs. John Woods left the company and took Laura Keen's house on Broadway, which she named the Olympic. He then became a member of her company and stayed with her till Leonard Grover took the theater. It was during the single season that he spent with Grover that he for the first time came conspicuously before the New York public as Moneybags in Boucicault's drama "The Long Strike." The part is that of a gruff, growling old lawyer with a great heart. There are two very strong scenes in the play, in which the old lawyer's peculiarity of manner and genuine goodness of heart are very strongly shown. He played in both of these scenes as a curtain raiser to "The Liar." Mr. Stoddart was featured in "The Long Strike" for a season after leaving Leonard Grover, and then joined Lester Wallack's company, in which were John Gilbert, Mary Gannon, Mrs. Vernon, and E. L. Davenport. He opened at Wallack's Theater in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," playing Marrall to Mr. Davenport's Sir Giles Overreach. John Gilbert was the Justice Greely. Next he joined the Union Square Stock Company, under the direction of Shook and Palmer. Stuart Robson was the comedian and Charles Thorne the leading man. Rose Eytinge, Fanny Morant and Frederick Robinson were also members. His connection with Mr. Palmer extended over twenty years. He joined the company when Palmer went to the Madison Square Theater, and under his management visited the Pacific coast thirteen times. Later he was engaged by Charles Frohman for his "Fatal Card" company, in which he played Austin, the old banker, and when "The Sporting Duchess" was produced he was cast for the part of Joe Aylmer, the old horse trainer. Despite his long service on the stage, Mr. Stoddart's first appearance as a star is as Lachlan Campbell in "The Bonnie Brier Bush," in which he says he will finish his career. The bronzed, hale, hearty old gentleman, who is known all along the Jersey coast as the most expert catboat skipper of the lower bay fleet, and in Sea Warren, N.J., as a burgess and a church warden, is now about seventy-six years of age.

### An Omar for Ladies.

One for her Club and her own Latch-key fights,  
Another wastes in Study her good Nights,  
Ah, take the Clothes and let the Culture go,  
Nor heed the grumble of the Women's Rights!

Look at the Shopgirl all about us—"Lo  
The wages of a month," she says, "I blow  
Into a Hat, and when my hair is waved,  
Doubtless My Friend will take me to the Show."

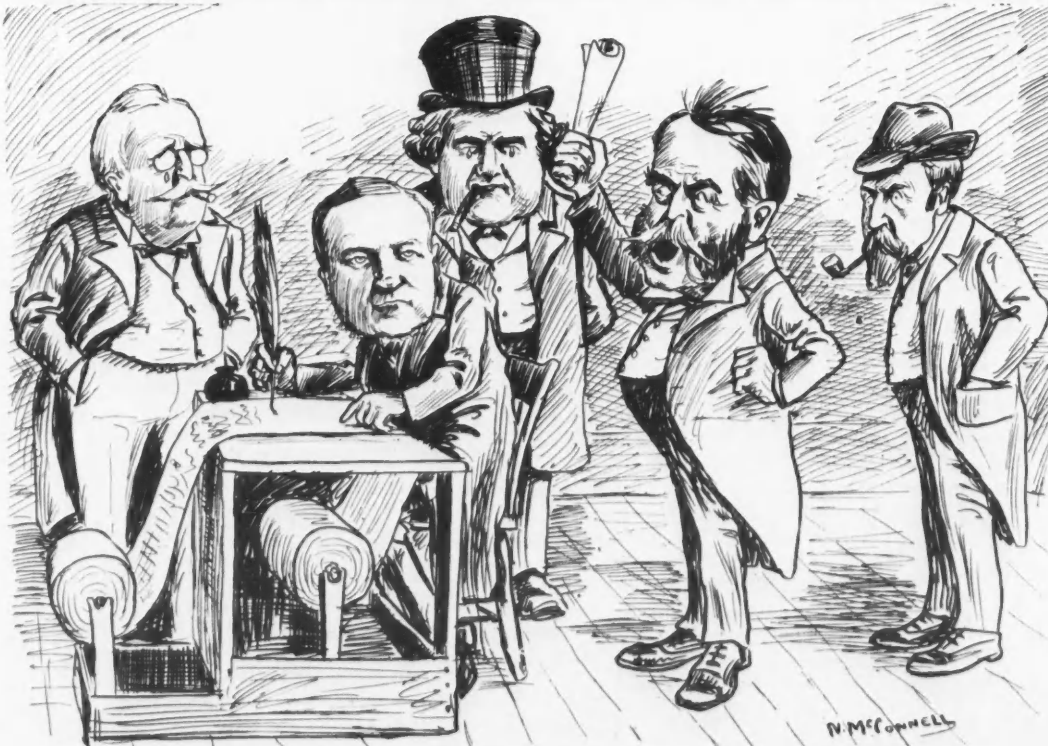
And she who saved her coin for Flannels red,  
And she who caught Pneumonia instead,  
Will both be Underground in Fifty Years,  
And Prudence pays no Premium to the dead.

Th' exclusive Style you set your heart upon  
Gets to the Bargain counters—and anon  
Like monograms on a Saleslady's tie  
Cheers but a moment—soon for you 'tis gone.

Think, in the sad Four Hundred's gilded halls,  
Whose endless Leisure ev'n themselves appals,  
How Ping-pong raged so high—then faded out  
To those far Suburbs that still chase its Balls.

They say Sixth Avenue and the Bowery keep  
The dernier cri that once was far from cheap:  
Green Veils, one season chic—Department stores  
Mark down in vain—no profit shall they reap.  
—Josephine Dodge Daskam in "Harper's Magazine."

Drink and the world drinks with you, but settle the bill,  
And you settle alone.—Marysville, Mo., "Tribune."



J. P. Whitney—"The fight shall go on, boys, as long as I can talk and Sam Blake can write letters to My Dear Foy."

## Church Music in Toronto.

ST. THOMAS.

T. THOMAS' CHURCH, Huron street, has for many years past been noted for its musical services, which by comparison with the plain cathedral services of the Church of England, can properly be described as rich and ornate. When Mr. Plummer was musical director, the choir and organist were assisted by a small orchestra of wind and strings. The instruments of percussion, if I remember right, were not called into requisition. Since the retirement of Mr. Plummer, who was a most enthusiastic devotee of music, the employment of orchestral instruments has been abandoned, but the church still keeps up its record for impressive music. The organist and choirmaster is Mr. George H. P. Darby, a former pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt, who apparently takes as much interest in the music of the church as did his predecessor. The choir, which now consists of fifty-five members, made up of twenty-nine boys (of whom three are altos), nineteen men and seven ladies, has been organized and trained during the past nine months. Mr. Darby is not a professional musician in the fullest sense of the term, and it reflects the greatest credit upon his ability and industry that he has been able to bring his choir into its present state of efficiency. I was present at the eleven o'clock communion service last Sunday morning, and was much surprised at the excellence of the singing. The principal selections were the "Benedictus," "Sanctus" and "Agnus Dei" from Gounod's "Messe Solennelle," and Eyre's "Credo" and "Gloria" in E flat. The programme was practically a repetition of the Christmas service. The Gounod excerpts were adapted slightly to suit the circumstances of the occasion, but as introduced they had a very beautiful effect. The choir sang with as wide a range of shading as could be expected and with most praiseworthy intonation and precision. The boys' voices I found more sympathetic than those of any boys I have yet heard in the Anglican churches. One boy, or rather youth, as he is said to be eighteen years of age, Sydney Randall, has a mezzo-soprano of lovely quality, and the possession of such a voice by one of his age is something phenomenal. The tone quality is as rich as that of an exceptionally good female mezzo, being quite distinct from the male alto or counter-tenor timbre. Sydney Randall took the solo in the "Agnus Dei," and the charm of the voice was so appealing that it was difficult to realize that there was not a woman singing. The principal soprano boy, Master Lester Keachie, has a round, sympathetic voice of that quality that carries without any apparent effort on the part of the singer. He was assigned the solos in the "Benedictus" and "Sanctus." His singing had also with it a singular attraction, independent of the religious character and beauty of the music. The "Sanctus," which is a number not easy in the rendering, and which requires a uniformly smooth and musical tone and fine shading, was on the whole admirably sung. With the numbers by Eyre from his communion service, I was not particularly impressed, the music comparing unfavorably with that of Gounod.

Among other selections by the choir were "Ave Verum," Gounod; "Gloria Tibi," Plummer; "Kyrie" in A flat. Poter; introit, "All they from Sheba shall come," Anon. The processional hymn was "As with gladness men of old" and the recessional "Hail to the Lord's Anointed." The choir sang in these with great vigor as they marched through the aisle with the cross borne aloft in front of them. The opening organ voluntary was the Godard "Jocelyn" Berceuse, and the postlude Costa's "March Triumphant." The organ is a useful little instrument which cost \$3,000, and is about ten years old. It may be observed that the congregational singing at this church is not a very important factor in the service. Although the church was crowded, the singing of the regular hymns was not noteworthy for volume.

I ascertained after the service that the choir is purely a voluntary one, no member receiving remuneration of any kind. Only eight members of the present choir belonged to the old choir—a fact which makes the result of Mr. Darby's rehearsing all the more creditable. Mr. Darby, it seems, has taken special interest in the training of boy singers, and has studied the best methods of instruction from recognized authoritative works on the subject. In discussing the singing of the choir some consideration must be given to the fact that there are six women among the soprano section, and their voices no doubt add color to the trebles of the boys. The tenors and basses, I may add, sing with plenty of power and good will. It is not at all unlikely that Mr. Darby brought over a few of his singers from St. Luke's Church, where he was previously organist.

I received a letter from a correspondent about a fortnight ago calling attention to the excellence of the singing at St. Thomas', and expressing the opinion that it was not surpassed at any church in the city. The correspondent added that he thought I had devoted most attention to the Presbyterian and Methodist choirs. There is truth in the statement, but I may reply that the rather "dry" musical services of many of the Anglican churches do not offer a fruitful theme for comment. My visit to St. Thomas' was time well spent. St. Thomas' is what is known among churchmen as "high" church, and its impressive and elaborate ceremonial has much to do with making one more susceptible to the influence of such music as was given on the occasion under notice. The illuminated altar, and the solemn observances before it during a high celebration of the Holy Eucharist, all have their part in stimulating the sensitiveness of the congregation to the appealing force of the music. This is something which I think cannot well be denied. Many Protestant musicians have admitted to me that they have been more powerfully affected by the music of Mozart, Beethoven and Haydn when heard in the celebration of the Catholic mass than when utilized for the services of the ordinary Anglican Church. A well-known Catholic musician, in talking the matter over with me recently, said that in the "high" Anglican churches of Toronto the ceremonies were conducted with even more care than those of the Catholic churches.

CHERUBINO.

### Verbal Proposals Unnecessary.

The latest idea in the giddy young woman's world is the School of Flirtation. The young woman is taken in and taught how to lure a confiding young man to the proposing point by side glances and tender smiles, but so far we believe she will not be expected to be the first to pop the question. We have all heard it asked why women should not be permitted to make proposals of marriage, but there seems now no further need of the question. When a girl smiles pointedly at you all the evening, makes room for you to sit beside her between the dances, and squeezes your arm all the way down to supper, she's a good way ahead of a mere verbal proposal.

### A Bachelor's Definition.

"What is a flirt?" asked a small boy.  
"A flirt," replied the old bachelor, "is a pretty woman."  
"But what kind of a pretty woman?" persisted the small boy.  
"Any kind of a pretty woman," answered the old bachelor.  
"Well, how pretty must she be?" the youngster insisted.  
"Oh, pretty enough to have a chance to flirt," returned the old bachelor, irritably.  
And still the boy was not satisfied, but as he grows older he will understand it better.

Probably Mascagni thinks his illustrious countryman, Christopher Columbus, was in mighty small business when he discovered America.—Chicago "Tribune."

## When Phyllis Took Me—Seriously.

BY HUBERT MOBEAN JOHNSTON.

"PHYLIS," I asked, "will you marry me?"

"Seventeen," said Phyllis.

I looked at her in astonishment.

"Seventeen?" I questioned. "Seventeen what?"

"Why, the score, you silly," she responded, demurely.

"Someone has to keep track of it."

That's the trouble with Phyllis. If her sense of humor was not so highly developed, I'm quite sure I would have had her ages ago. She never will take me seriously.

"Both the score," I cried, desperately. "Anyhow, we'll not count the other sixteen times."

"But I would very much rather."

Phyllis was staring into the fire. I didn't know just what she meant. I never was much good at guessing.

"Well," I answered, indifferently, "just as you please. Count them if you like. All I meant was that none of them mattered so much as this time."

"Positively your last chance, ladies and gentlemen," she cried, gaily.

I assented in my most dignified manner. Phyllis laughed. I do wish she would take me seriously once in a while.

"Why do you keep on proposing to me like this?" she asked me.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig; others are troubled if they behold a cat," I quoted. "Are you answered?"

"That is no answer, thou unfeeling man."

"If you must have it," I replied, flippantly, "I suppose it's my form of diversion. My hobby if you will. We all have our hobbies, more or less, you know."

Phyllis frowned. I liked that frown immensely. Then she looked at me quickly when I was not expecting it.

"You appear to be enjoying yourself," she complained.

"Me?" I queried in mock innocence. "Oh, I protest; really, I'm not."

Phyllis frowned again.

"Well, then, you ought to be."

"I know it," I agreed. "I ought to be. Seventeen times ought to be productive of more than it has shown so far. I wonder," I concluded dreamily to myself, "I wonder if eighteen will do it?"

"You haven't been answered for seventeen yet," said Phyllis.

"No," said I, "nor for any of the other sixteen either."

"Now, there was Darcy Graham," said Phyllis, inconsequently. "He asked me to marry him nineteen times and swore eternal devotion, each time, whether I would have him or no. There's a man for you!"

"And then went and married Kitty McPherson," said I, almost to myself.

"No," corrected Phyllis; "Kitty married him."

"Willie Atkinson came next," I ventured.

"He only ran up to thirteen," said Phyllis.

"Which accounts for his failure," I suggested.

Phyllis paid no attention to my remark.

"I think the little fellow from the bank whom I met in the summer came after that?" she murmured, interrogatively.

"Surely you don't count him?" I questioned in surprise.

"Why, you told me yourself that he only lasted till the second round."

"He would probably have stayed longer if you hadn't come down that Sunday," said Phyllis, in a vexed way.

"You always do turn up at the most inopportune moments."

"Had I only known you didn't want me—" I began.

"I can't remember who was next," interrupted Phyllis, quickly; "do you know?"

"I think," said I, reflectively. "I added about two to my own score that day. I always liked you in white, you know."

"Three," corrected Phyllis, consulting her tablets.

"Hold your head that way again," I said. "What long eyelashes you have!"

Phyllis deliberately turned the other way.

"Hold it round," I commanded. "I want to look at it."

Phyllis held it round. Phyllis likes to be commanded at times.

"A rather pretty mouth, too," said I, gravely; "and your color is also very fair yet. One would never guess you were getting up in years."

"I'm not!" denied Phyllis, with a certain assumption of dignity; "I'm only twenty-three."

"You don't show it," I responded, gallantly. "Were I asked to make a guess, I should say 'sweet sixteen' and—"

"Quite so," said Phyllis dryly.

"How awful it must be to be laid on the shelf," I remarked, sympathetically.

"I'm not!" asserted Phyllis, indignantly.

"The very idea!" I murmured in a surprised way. "I never even insinuated such a thing. But you know, I concluded dismally, "you haven't had a proposal in three weeks."

"I have," insisted Phyllis; "I had one just to-night."

"Oh, but that doesn't count," said I. "You told me so yourself. These are only sort of trial heats, to keep you in form, you know."

"Oh!" sniffed Phyllis.

"Besides," I added, "I need material for my stories."

"What a risk you are willing to run for the sake of material!" said Phyllis.

"Yes," I replied suavely, "but it is necessary that one make some sacrifices for the sake of art."

"Suppose, though, I were to accept you some time?" queried Phyllis in an awful tone.

"I would have a new climax for the next one," said I, indifferently.

I had expected Phyllis to be affected; instead, she burst out laughing. That's the trouble with Phyllis; she never will take me seriously.

"You're a goose," she complimented me.

"Aw, thanks," I murmured. "So good of you!"

Phyllis regarded me gravely. Now it's an odd thing, but whenever Phyllis looks at a fellow just like that he feels sort of funny all over, you know. I don't know what it is. I think it must be what they call personal magnetism.

"Jack," she said, "do you know you have some grey hairs?"

"It's not polite of you to remind me of it," said I.

"And your complexion isn't as good as it used to be," she continued. "Besides, there are a lot of little things—particularly about your clothes."

"Nothing serious, I trust?" I asked, in alarm.

"No," said Phyllis, "nothing serious. But a lot of little things. I think you need someone to take care of you."

"Parks is an unexceptionable valet," said I in his defence.

"But he draws his salary every month," put in Phyllis.

"And why shouldn't he?" I interrogated.

"Now, a wife—" began Phyllis, musingly.

"Would draw hers at the end of the month and every other day as well," I concluded.

"Yes," said Phyllis, taking no notice, "I think you need a wife. Now, why don't you propose to some nice girl, Jack?"

"I have," said I, stoutly.

"Huh!" snorted Phyllis, in disbelief. "How many proposals have you ever made?"

"Seventeen," said I.

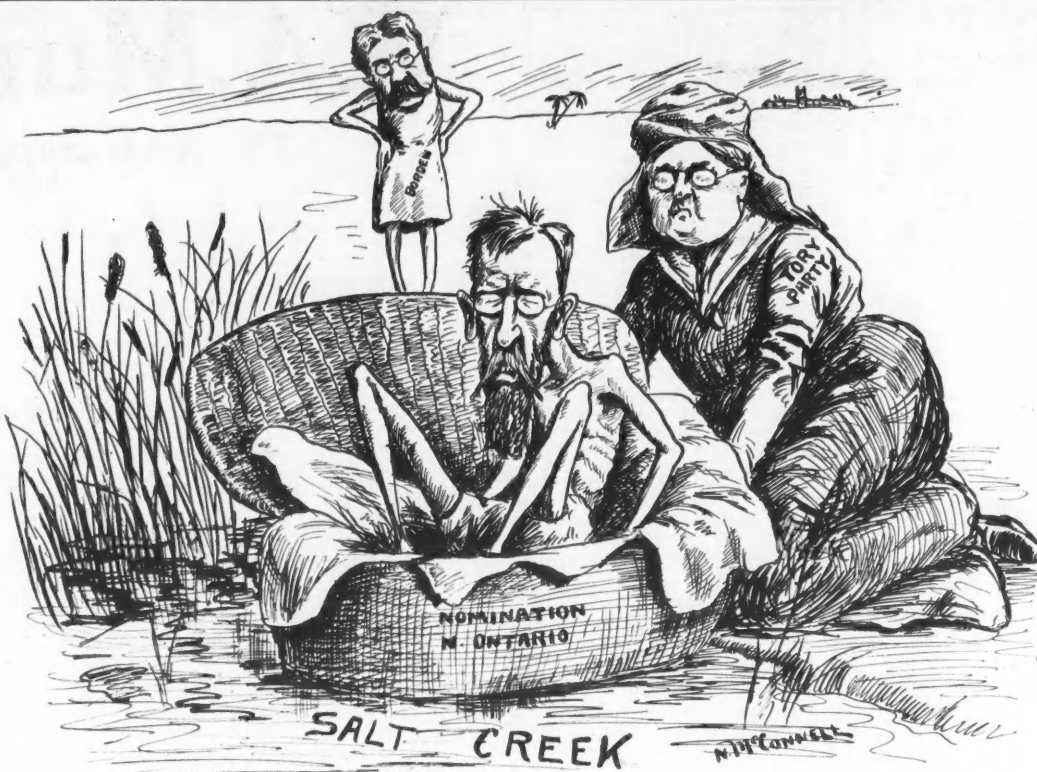
I think Phyllis was pleased. Anyhow, she smiled a little.

"There was the Rawshaw girl," said she, warningly.

"Nice girl," I assented, warmly. "Nothing particularly queenlike about a girl's carriage when she's only five foot three."

"And Bessie Fleming?"

Phyllis was getting back at me.



The Old Party—"We need someone to help us out of bondage, Georgie, so you must play the role of Moses the best you can."

"A sweet creature," I agreed, "but I really prefer blondes."

"And then there's a whole host of others that you might have if you wanted them. You're a catch, you know."

"I know," said I, wearily. "I suppose that accounts for my popularity."

"Oh, no," said Phyllis, sweetly; "you're rather nice as well."

"Thanks," I replied, "but with a score of seventeen, it doesn't seem to have benefited me greatly. Will it do me any good to make it eighteen?"

Phyllis toyed with the corner of the sofa-cushion.

"You might do a great deal better," said she, deprecatingly.

"Then I don't have to make it eighteen?" cried I, for once in my life comprehending.

"I did not say just that, sir," said Phyllis, saucily.

I don't think I ever saw Phyllis look so beautiful, and the odd part of it was, I couldn't see her eyes, either. She was staring full into the fire all the time. If it makes her look that way, I wish she would look into the fire always.

"But I do make it eighteen, Phyllis," said I, soberly.

I took hold of her arm and turned her round so that she was facing me, but she still held her head down and I could see only her eyelashes. Phyllis has long eyelashes.

"And you'll marry me, Phyllis?" I whispered. I don't know whether I raised my tone interrogatively or not. I hadn't the same control over my voice that I had the other seventeen times.

Phyllis looked at me with a funny little smile. She never will take me seriously.

"I suppose this will make a new climax," said she.

But her looks belied her words, and for once I was bright enough to see.

"No," I replied, as distinctly as my throat would let me, "this is not a climax. This is a beginning."

## Never too Late to Learn.

THE clock on the Rock Island depot was striking ten. Slowly the "Overland Limited" began to move out and wend her way on the long journey, drawn by 695, one of the largest mogul engines in the sheds. Next to the tender was a Big Four express car, which contained six fast trotters which were entered in the big races at Overland Park. The Californian sleeper was on the rear end of the train, the only occupants for California being an old gentleman and his daughter.

When the stop was made at Joliet it was exactly 11:18. A gentleman entered the Denver sleeper, carrying a suitcase. He wore a monocle, his hair was of a blonde shade, he wore an opera hat, a cape overcoat and patent leather shoes. He reminded me of the leading character of "A Social Highwayman." Before the train had reached Omaha, he had made the acquaintance of the old man and his daughter.

"Those are my horses in the express car," he said to them. "I race them at Denver. We stop fifteen minutes at Des Moines and I would like to show them to you."

They smiled. "We would like very much to see your horses."

When the train reached Des Moines, the man escorted

them to the express car and showed them the property of Edgar Bronk, Allan Farm, Easton, Pa., but he called them his own. The old gentleman and his daughter were very much pleased with the outfit, and said, "If we can get a stopover we will attend the races at Denver, as we are very fond of them."

The dining-car was attached at Des Moines. The three breakfasted together. After breakfast was over, the confidence man, who had been setting his trap all the time, and was only waiting for his prey to come in, called the old gentleman aside and said, "I have some business at Council Bluffs to attend to, and if you will do me a little favor I will doubly repay you at Denver."

"I will be glad to accommodate you, stranger."

"I have a cheque here for five hundred dollars. The little business I have to transact does not give me time to get to the bank, but by getting the money from you, I can attend to it and catch this train, as we have a half-hour lay-over."

The old gentleman took the cheque. He looked it over and over, hesitated, and looked into space, passed it to his daughter, who smiled and handed it back to him, and said, "It's as good as gold." He drew from his inside vest pocket a rusty looking book, opened it and counted out five one hundred dollar bills.

The confidence man took them, smiled, and counted them over in his own hands, thanking the old gentleman for his favor. Later he stepped from the train as stealthily as he had boarded it.

When the train left Omaha the old man and his daughter had joined some other passengers who were going to California. The half hour was spent so quickly at Omaha that they had absolutely forgotten their swaggy friend with the pleasing manners.

At 5:30 p.m. the first call was made for supper in the dining-car. The old man walked through the sleeper and did not find his man. Tapping the train conductor on the shoulder, he said: "Where is the man who has the horses in the express car?"

"I do not know, sir, I have not seen him since we left Omaha."

When the train arrived at Denver Mr. Edgar Bronk, the owner of the horses, was on hand to see them properly unloaded. The old man knew Mr. Bronk, but did not mention what had happened. With his daughter he watched them unload the horses. Turning on his heel, he said, "When we arrive home in California we will be five hundred dollars poorer than we left Chicago. I will be seventy years old next month, and this is the first time in my life that this game has been worked on me. It is quite true that a man never gets too old to learn something new."

GEORGE B. THOMAS.

## Architecture of the Day.

TORONTO is this week a veritable Mecca for architects. At their rooms at 96 King street west, the Ontario Association of Architects' annual convention is in session, while at the art galleries the circuit exhibition of the Architectural League of America is now open under the auspices of the Toronto Architectural Eighteen Club. In connection with both these events, interest-

ing papers and addresses have been contributed by distinguished visitors, including Prof. Adam Shortt, of Queen's University; Mr. E. C. Shankland, C.E., of Chicago; Mr. William L. Price of Philadelphia, and Mr. Ralph Adams Cram of Boston.

To the non-professional student of architecture the exhibition of the Architectural League of America is very interesting, though principally confined to a single class of work, namely, ecclesiastical buildings. The exhibition is representative of the work of some of the best architects of the United States, France, Germany, England, and Ireland. Though dealing principally with church buildings, there is a pleasing variety in the drawings, and additional interest is derived from the many examples of mural decoration, stained glass designing, and pieces of decorative detail. There are some very interesting views of the fine new Congressional Library at Washington, designed by Edward Pearce Casey, the decorative work in which is admittedly of a very high order. There are also views of the magnificent fountain on the grounds of George J. Gould at Lake-wood, N.J., the general conception of which reminds one of the celebrated Macmonnies fountain at the Chicago World's Fair. In purely ecclesiastical work the United States' contribution, though great in quantity, is inferior in quality to that of the English, French and German architects. A pleasing exception is in the case of Mr. Ralph Adams Cram of Boston, whose All Saints' Church at Dorchester, Mass., and Saint Stephen's at Cohasset, Mass., are unimpeachable examples of church architecture. Outside of Mr. Cram's contributions, the best work from the United States is probably that of Mr. Theo. C. Link of St. Louis, Messrs. Maginnis, Walsh and Sullivan of Boston, Messrs. Cope and Stewardson of Philadelphia, and Messrs. Schickel and Ditmars of New York.

The Toronto Architectural Eighteen Club gave a highly successful smoker in connection with the exhibition on Tuesday evening. On Friday evening the club again entertains its friends to a lecture by Mr. R. A. Cram on church architecture, in the O.S.A. galleries, when it is hoped there may be a large attendance, particularly of clergymen.

## The W. C. T. U. and Nude Art.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has stumbled into a cauldron of hot water over Mr. George Frederick Watts' celebrated picture, "Love and Life." The President has had the painting transferred to the White House from the Corcoran Gallery, and the W.C.T.U. of the United States are up in arms as a result. The painting in question is the work of perhaps the most eminent English painter now living. It was presented by him to President Cleveland, and the White House was the destination approved, it is said, by him. The objections made to it were so furious, however, that it was lodged in the Corcoran Gallery. This was neither very grateful nor very courteous; and the President, or possibly Mrs. Roosevelt, has now had the canvas removed to its proper destination. It is a work of art which any collector in the land would be glad to own, and its monetary value—by which some persons judge works of art—is great. Yet there are "nice" persons who find it shocking. The subject is certainly not immoral. "Love and Life" the artist has called his composition. He shows two ideal figures—Life, a frail woman, conducted along a sheer and rocky path by the sturdy form of Love. The allegory is obvious, and even a member of the W.C.T.U. should find no evil in it; the use of alcoholic liquors is not remotely implied. But Mr. Watts has been guilty of one awful lapse from the purity of the prurient prude. He has left his figures nude. Now this is shameful. Morality consists wholly in clothes. The "unco guid" can not see the undraped form even on canvas without horrible suggestions. When man was born into the world naked God made a mistake. To the normal mind the nude human figure may be simply beautiful. Whether in marble or on canvas it is a delight to the "inward eye" no less than to the outer. Of course men and women in civilized society no longer go about nude; but this is the more reason why the nude figure of the artist is purely conventional and therefore inoffensive. As a matter of fact, drapery may be made to convey immoral ideas much more easily than lack of it; but this is something which the raw critic of art never seems to realize.



"Love and Life."

## "The Aspiring Maiden."

Now "paw" has made his pile at last, and sunk the shop for good. And got a cook, and a great big house, and a man to saw the wood. I've lots of lovely frocks, you know, have learned to dance, and yet I never will feel happy till I've reached the smartest set! We've joined the Church of England, and "shook" our oldest friends. (One's social chances so much on that sort of thing depends). I've been up to Chicago, and down to Montreal. I tell you that I've travelled, but it ain't no use at all! I've been engaged a little before "paw" made his pile. To a shop clerk, and a dentist, and a man that dealt in ile. And a chap that peddled pianos, and a purser on a boat—That purser had the loveliest ways of anything afloat! Likewise to a "concertist" who most divinely sang. But they couldn't toe the mark for style, so I had to bounce the gang.

I've got a small-sized bank clerk now. I think I can make do. His voice and salary are fair, his intellects are few. And though on many topics his wits seem quite astray. He can talk of "dawgs" and "daunces" in the cutest kind of way! I s'pose if I wait long enough, an agent's desk he'll grace At "Slabtown," or "Frog's Hollow," or some such sort of place. And I'll be stuck there in the woods, for ten long years or more. And come back with complexion gone, and a back like a kitchen door.

Still, do the very best I can, no better chance I see. Unless some wealthy stranger should fall in love with me. Which don't seem very likely—but he may come, all the same. So I'll keep my bank clerk off and on—and pray for better game!

Picton, Ont. REGINALD GOURLAY.

## Extremes Meet.

Scene—A Table d'Hôte. Country Cousin—What are them things, Tom? Town Cousin—Those are finger glasses. "What for?" "To rinse your fingers when you've finished eating." "But I don't eat with my fingers!"



Will the aldermen take off their coats and help Mayor Urquhart clear the municipal weed patch?

## TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER

## North German Lloyd

Regular express sailings to Naples and Genoa via Gibraltar. Nearly all outside rooms. Splendidly ventilated.

Sailings, rates, plans and full information—  
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New York and Mediterranean Ports.  
Splendid new steamships fitted with the  
very latest improvements. Weekly sailings.

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## The Sign on the Window

at 60 1-2 Yonge street, one door south of King (east side), reads "New York Central-West Shore Passenger Department," the Canadian agency of the Great Four-Track Railroad.

## Anecdotal.

Speaker Reed's most famous lampoon on the Democratic party was this: "I have known the Democratic party for thirty years, and I have never known a moment in which it could be photographed in any attitude except that of 'It can't be done.'"

A minister who met a policeman on the street the other day said: "What a number of burglars there are about. Why don't you officers arrest them?" The policeman regarded the minister solemnly. "Sir," he replied, "there are thousands of people going to hell every day. Why don't you ministers stop them?"

The "Publishers' Circular" tells the following anecdote about the late G. A. Henty: "With reference to his boys' books he said, in answer to a question put to him by an interviewer: 'No, I never touch on the love interest. Once I ventured to make a boy of twelve kiss a little girl of eleven, and I received a very indignant letter from a dissenting minister.'"

An important party measure was about to be voted on by the Fifty-first Congress, and the Republicans needed every vote. "Come at once," Speaker Reed telegraphed to Congressman Lansing of the Watertown (N.Y.) district. "Impossible," the Congressman wired back; "washout on line." Reed's reply to this was promptly wired, and was as follows: "Never mind little thing like that; buy another shirt and come on."

Mark Twain, since he advertised for editorial obituaries of himself, has received some very amusing contributions. A Baltimore admirer writes: "Some people think you are immortal, but if you really ever do intend to die it is certainly your duty to go to Hades. Funny men are needed there, but they are very small potatoes up in heaven. You have always preached philanthropy, and now you have the chance of your lifetime to demonstrate your consistency."

Judge S— of Boston, who is a great fisherman, for some years past has been in the habit of bringing back from Newfoundland, the scene of his piscatorial labors, such marvelous stories of his catches that his friends grew more and more skeptical. The judge, in order to remove all doubts about his honesty, finally procured a set of special scales and triumphantly weighed all the fish he caught, and for his friends' inspection kept the record thus accurately made. Recently, while the judge was away from home, there was an addition to his family. The judge's scales were used, and they recorded the baby's weight as forty-eight pounds.

One day the late Thomas Brackett Reed was browsing in Guild's dingy bookshop. He took up a number of books and finally the novel "Scrapes." "What is the price of this?" asked Mr. Reed. "A dollar, sir," replied the old man rather tartly. "Too much," said Reed laconically, and laid the book down. "Well, sir," retorted Guild, who has a sharp tongue of his own, "I don't know of any law you have passed that compels you to buy if you don't want to. Besides, I don't see what a member of Congress wants of a book with that title, anyway." Reed broke into a hearty laugh, and as he rolled on down

## "The Book Shop."

Invitation Cards,  
Dance Programmes,

Visiting Cards, Luncheon Cards, Tally Cards, Wedding Stationery, Society Stationery, etc., a specialty here.

Advice and  
Suggestions

gladly given upon any matters pertaining to the use of these goods—100 Visiting Cards engraved in very latest style for \$1.00.

WM. TYRRELL & CO.  
8 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

the avenue he was still smiling at the old man's reply.

Senator Quay, while dining at a country hotel, noticed among the signs on the wall one reading "Lei on parle Francais." The senator was somewhat amused and surprised, because the necessity of being able to speak French in that particular section of rural Pennsylvania had never before appealed to him. Therefore he called the proprietor to him, and said, "Do you speak French?" "Not much," was the answer. "United States will do for me." "Then why do you have that sign stuck up here?" It means that French is spoken here," "Ye don't say so!" replied the astonished publican. "I'll be hanged if I didn't buy that from a young fellow who told me that it meant 'God Bless Our Home!'"

In the middle of the third act of a recent first night in Australia, a gentleman arose in the front row of the gallery and remarked: "This is a bad play, and the acting is even worse than the play." The leading actor came to the footlights and retorted: "You've no right to interrupt. If you don't like it, go outside." "Excuse me," rejoined the malcontent. "I have the right to criticize what I have paid for. If I buy a pound of butter and find it is bad, I say so. I have bought a shilling's worth of this show, and it is an imposition. I want my money back." At this point a stout, wart attendant interposed, and smashing of furniture ensued. Eventually the champion of playgoers' rights emerged triumphant from the fray. Holding a shilling on high, he exclaimed: "It's all right! I've got my money back! The play can now proceed!"

## The Right Thing.

A New Catarrh Cure, which is Rapidly  
Coming to the Front.

For several years Eucalyptol, Guaiacol and Hydrastin have been recognized as standard remedies for catarrhal troubles, but they have always been given separately, and only very recently an in-



genious chemist succeeded in combining them, together with other antiseptics, into a pleasant, effective tablet.

Druggists sell the remedy under the name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, and it has met with remarkable success in the cure of nasal catarrh, bronchial and throat catarrh and in catarrh of the stomach.

Mr. F. N. Benton, whose address is care of Clark House, Troy, N.Y., says: "When I run up against anything that is good I like to tell people of it. I have been troubled with catarrh more or less for some time. Last winter more than ever. Tried several so-called cures, but did not get any benefit from them. About six weeks ago I bought a 50-cent box of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, and am glad to say that they have done wonders for me, and I do not hesitate to let all my friends know that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are the right thing."

Mr. George J. Casanova of Hotel Grifon, West Ninth street, New York City, writes: "I have commenced using Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, and already they have given me better results than any catarrh cure I have ever tried."

A leading physician of Pittsburgh advises the use of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in preference to any other treatment for catarrh of the head, throat or stomach. He claims they are far superior to inhalers, salves, lotions or powder, and are much more convenient and pleasant to take, and are so harmless that little children take them with benefit, as they contain no opiate, cocaine or any poisonous drugs.

All druggists sell Stuart's Catarrh Tablets at 50 cents for full-size package, and they are probably the safest and most reliable cure for any form of catarrh.

## "Education."

Oh, the stuffed little boy is a wonderful baby.

He's so very precocious and bright; He has tutors and teachers, blind, misguided creatures.

Who stuff him from morning till night. And this marvelous youth, still a baby, in truth.

By this wonderful brain-cramming plan Has such wisdom acquired he is almost as tired

As if he were truly a man.

—From "In Merry Mood," by Nixon Waterman.

## One Can't Be Too Careful.

"Dearest," he wrote from his hostelry in the Ardennes, "I am sitting here beside a pleasant window, gazing dreamily out over the barren heath, and on to the borders of the wide, wild forest beyond. But, further than eye can reach, travel the thoughts, the yearnings of my soul: they are all with you, darling—along with the sweet, precious, adorable wife who awaits my return in London."

These, and other dainty sentiments, he wrote, with one exception. From the word "window" up above he inadvertently omitted the letter "n"; and, when his wife read that he was "sitting beside a pleasant widow," she threw down the letter, started post haste for the Ardennes, and brought him home with a flea in his ear. And, in spite of all explanations, the poor fellow says that for close on three months he was confoundedly N-pecked through that confounded "N."

## Science on the Road.

Tramp—Say, mister, gimme a tanner. I want to get a drink. Person Accosted.—Drink water. Tramp—That's just it, yer honner. I want the tanner to buy a filter so as I can swallow the water without the risk of being poisoned by microbes.



A Reading Man Tinkering. Jars and Realizations.

It has always seemed to me more or less of a risk to recommend reading matter to those persons who write asking for suggestions in that line. Just to convince myself whether anyone might be benefited by advice, I wrote to a well-known literary light, asking for a list of ten authors to study with a view to general culture. He sent me these: Shakespeare, Ruskin, Chaucer, Milton, Marlowe, Dickens, Emerson, Victor Hugo, Dumas, Hugh Miller and the Bible, and he added: "If you can't find poetry enough in these you might browse a bit on Tennyson and Coleridge, but I don't advise it." I am just a bit sly on Emerson and Ruskin for queer reasons of my own, but what do you say to those others?

There is no impertinence, to my mind, equal to that of changing the original words of a song or a hymn to suit the taste of some modern compiler. The other night the dominie read us "Jerusalem the Golden" as it was originally written, and there was certainly a sweetness and a flavor about the many stanzas which is lacking in the hymnal version. In some of the Canticles in the prayer-books in use across the line a substitution has been made for some of the terse sentences which have been offensive to prudish minds, and one hears and regrets that it has been done. It is ticklish work remodeling, as anyone who has "done up" an old house, an ancient, vigorous hymn or a frank and uncompromising psalm, will allow. As the improvers seem not to be capable of getting out superior original work it seems a pity to let them tinker with good old houses or hymns or texts either.

Talking of tinkering, I am reminded of the amusing act of a photographic artist which came under my notice recently. A woman posed for a picture, carefully in accordance with her rather particular notions of how far a décolletage should go. When her pictures were finished she was somewhat startled (being hopelessly behind the times, you observe!) to find her figure pretty well revealed by means of cleverly introduced light and shade in the doctored of the negative. Instead of a pretty, quiet picture, she was a "display ad," as a friend described it, and found herself in the awkward fix of being criticized for the cut of a frock which was carefully designed to conceal exactly what the artist had been at some pains to display. It seems to me that such tinkering is altogether inexcusable and wrong, and the sooner such is impressed upon the enterprising retoucher, the sooner will the chance of the mortifying surprise which has been the experience of the "back number" old-fashioned woman of whom I have spoken, be averted.

The holiday season of this year will surely be remembered as the blackest record for travelers by rail in many a long day. There seems a heavy burden of fatalities on the shoulders of old King Winter this year. Were you ever in a railroad crash? It is a long time since I felt one, but one never forgets! I think the summit of the Maine drummer who was shot out of his upper sleeper, and landed upon a fat and comfortable old man, who sprawled in the aisle (having arrived out from a lower berth just in time to break the Yankee's fall), got up and shook himself and drawled, "Say, that was what you term a quick fall!" The slow and pensive way he made that remark was so opposed to everyone's startled state of mind that it acted as a tonic, and straightened up a dozen demoralized travelers. One is generally so surprised that there is little time for terror, but not so was it with a Toronto singer, who wrote me once of a collision he was in when, looking from the rear of his coach, he saw the glaring headlight of a locomotive dashing at him just before the crash came. It was not a headlight, but a demon's eye, he said, full of powerful malignity and death. They tell us that we are a nervous, overwrought lot of beings these days, with out the physique or the nerve of our ancestors, and yet, how many gave up their New Year jaunt west over the fateful rails because a Christmas party had lost their lives on the week before? We sat in our Pullman and gossiped and ate sweets and played with a stray baby borrowed because of its beauty and good nature, and not a tremor moved by because death had so suddenly paused to gather up his shovels by that road! It is fortunate that the tendency to believe oneself specially favored or immune is latent in each of us, and thus we go carelessly on the edge of fate.

Did you ever cherish for years and years a wish to do one particular thing, generous or selfish, which at last you were able to accomplish? Did you at last find the way open to do your will, and find, also, the wish still as strong as ever? It so often happens that the golden day is golden when at last it arrives, but if it be so, then what consummate satisfaction one enjoys at its dawn. For ten long years and more I have waited and wished for the chance to do one thing. That the chance came with the New Year has made this New Year the happiest of the past decade. And I am mentioning it out of the fulness of satisfaction and gratitude that those who wished me those kindly wishes last New Year may take the comfort of knowing how grandly they have come true. It is worth cherishing a project for ten years to be able at last to hug oneself upon having carried it out. I scarcely know myself without the burden of it; I wake up in the night to say to myself, "Good! it is done!" I almost wish for another such task, that I might know the joy of another such accomplishment.

LADY GAY.

## Taking the Chances.

He walked into the chemist's shop with a hesitating step, and glanced nervously at the rows of bottles, with a scared look in his pale blue eyes. After fidgeting about uncertainly for some time, he at last caught the eye of the chemist, and, beckoning mysteriously, led the way to a secluded corner,

## W.A. Murray &amp; Co. Limited

The Arch Support of a  
"Dorothy Dodd" Shoe

IN everybody's foot there is one weak spot. The toes are strong, the ball of the foot is firm, the heel is unyielding, but the ARCH of the foot, under the instep, is a weak place. Being arched it is wholly unsupported; being weak, it is the one place that gets tired. But all the same it's the muscle by which you walk. You stretch it at every step. It is the one part of the foot that needs to be helped.

The "Dorothy Dodd" shoe supports the arch of the foot by a special curved shank between the inner and outer soles; this shank exactly follows the arch of the foot. It holds its shape and supports the foot. You can walk twice as far without fatigue. Just try a pair.



"Dorothy Dodd" shoes are sold exclusively by us in Toronto at \$3.75 pair. A few special styles are \$4.00.

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where the chemist was surprised by finding a trembling forefinger hooked tentatively into one of his buttonholes and an eager face thrust suddenly almost against his.

"What's the matter?" asked the chemist.

"I s'pose you can lay your hand right on the morphine bottle, can't you?" said the stranger in an anxious whisper.

"Yes, sir; certainly," replied the astonished chemist.

"An' if you was pushed you could find the strychnine in a minute or two?"

"Of course."

"Mebbe the arsenic hasn't got lost or mislaid clear beyond findin', if you just had to, has it?"

"Assuredly not."

"An' the sugar-of-lead bottle couldn't get away from you if it tried?"

"No, indeed."

"An' chasin' up the vitriol to its lair would be just play for you?"

"My dear sir, of course I am familiar with all the drugs here."

"But s'posin' some of your assistants had been changin' them around, just as a joke, you know?"

"What do you mean?"

"Suppose the bottles got mixed?"

"Impossible. Besides, everything is plainly labelled."

"An' there ain't no chance of your palmin' off prussic acid for peppermint?"

"Not the slightest."

"Well, I've—half—a notion—to—risk it. Yes, you may give me two ounces of peppermint."—"Pick-Me-Up."

## Southern Railway.

## The Greatest Southern System.

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY announces the resumption of "The Southern Palm Limited," one of the most luxurious trains in the world, January 12, 1903, leaving Washington 6:31 p.m. daily except Sunday, composed of Compartment, Drawing-room, Library, Club Observation and Dining Cars. Electric light and steam heated; running solid through Charlotte, Columbia and Savannah to Jacksonville and Saint Augustine. Also handling drawing-room sleeping car to Aiken and Augusta, and connecting at Columbia for Summerville and Charleston and at Jesup for Brunswick (Jekyll Island).

TWO (2) other fast trains DAILY for FLORIDA, leaving Washington at 10:51 a.m. and 9:50 p.m., affording through Sleeping and Dining-car service to Jacksonville and Tampa and West Coast Points, with connection for Key West, Nassau and Havana, and connecting at Jacksonville for Saint Augustine, Palm Beach and Miami, and at Miami for Key West, Nassau and Havana.

ALSO Through Cars from Washington daily to Asheville, Camden, Summerville and Charleston, and TRI-WEEKLY (Monday, Wednesday and Friday), to Pinehurst, N.C.

For detailed information, Pullman reservations, etc., confer with initial agents at Toronto, Buffalo or nearest agent, or write L. S. BROWN, General Agent, SOUTHERN RAILWAY, Washington D. C.

## The Germ of Laziness.

The newspaper report of the recent address of Dr. Stiles, a zoologist of the Department of Agriculture, before the Sanitary Conference of American Republics, about the hook-worm disease, has been received with impassioned interest by thousands of more or less afflicted readers. Dr. Stiles is the discoverer of this malady, which he has named uncinariasis. He has just come back from studying it in parts of the South where it flourishes. He says it is a bad disease, little understood, and almost always confused with malaria. It is what is the matter with many of the poor whites in the Southern States. Their laziness is abnormal, Dr. Stiles says. Their pitiable condition, due immediately to laziness and to their inferior physical and mental development, is more remotely due to the presence of this hook-worm disease among them for generations past. The clay-eaters and pickle-eaters of North Carolina owe their abnormal appetites to uncinariasis. The lazy crackers who send their infant children to work in mills have got it, too, but the children themselves, Dr. Stiles thinks, profit by the change in their environment. He says that the disease can be cured, but that the physicians in the sand districts where it abounds must be taught to know its symptoms and how to treat it.

A newspaper, in telling of Dr. Stiles' discovery, cries in headline type that the germ of laziness has been found. That expresses the feelings of the general reader and accounts for his enthusiasm over the discovery. Every man, remarks "Harper's Weekly," feels the germs of laziness working in him, and would like

to have them killed out of him by treating from the outside if possible. He is glad to lay the defects in his energy to the hook-worm. But Dr. Stiles' hook-worms seem not to be available for general use. They are real microbes, and so far as appears, they only flourish in districts, and under conditions favorable to their development. It is no wonder that they have been confused with malaria, for the symptoms of malaria and the symptoms of sin are very much alike, and the hook-worm symptoms resemble both. We want to hear more about the hook-worm. If he can be extirpated in the cracker with good results a wonder will have been done. The South American delegates who were told about him think he exists in their countries, too, and are going to search for him when they go home. Maybe he exists in the Philippines also. A traveller lately returned from those islands says that the islands are beautiful and their possibilities enormous, but that the Filipinos won't work, and that industrial development can only come with the introduction of Chinese labor. That sounds like hook-worms.

## The Modern Method.

The 10, 20, 30 manager sat in his palatial office and knitted his brows. When he had worked them into a sufficiently grotesque pattern he walked nervously to the window. He was distinctly "on edge." Suddenly he gave a cry of joy. He had caught a glimpse of the front page of a "yellow extra," in the hands of a newsboy two blocks away. It took but a moment to summon his press agent.

When the Trust's promoter of publicity entered the room the following conversation ensued:

"Is the printing for that new play all ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got plenty of good photos of the people engaged?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a whole big bunch of the best kind of red-hot press stuff ready to feed to the papers?"

"Yes, sir."

"The scenery and costumes are all finished, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. The extras are out announcing that the prisoner in that murder case has been acquitted. Call the company for rehearsal to-morrow morning, and wire the manager of the opera house in New Rochelle that we open there on Monday night."

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Oh, yes, I had almost forgotten; ring up that author of ours and tell him to write the play."—"Dramatic Mirror."

## Forced Gayety.

"Forced gayety is to me the most melancholy thing in the world," remarked a society man the other day. By way of explanation, he added: "Not long ago I was asked up-country to a house-party, and found to my dismay on my arrival, that there were to be wild efforts at hilarity, beginning with a masked and fancy-dress surprise party to the house of a neighbor with whom I was totally unacquainted and the rest of whose guests would, in all probability, be utter strangers to me. Well, they dressed me up as Little Boy Blue, gave me a horn to toot and a mask to wear, and I was enjoined by my hostess to do my best to make the affair go off well and to be as jolly as possible. Of course, my spirits sank immediately to zero. I never spent a more miserable evening, and I am sure the rest of our own party felt as much like fish out of water as I did. Now why in the name of common sense could we not have been left alone in peace at the house of our hostess, which we all would have enjoyed very much, instead

of being let in for all that tomfoolery? The next night we were also very 'merry.' The neighbor whom we did not know came over with her party to play games, at which, it was needless to say, I did not shine. My visit was to have lasted four days, but I felt that I would be a driving idiot if I had to keep up such forced hilarity, so I took a surreptitious walk over to the village, wired a friend to telegraph for me on business, and on the receipt of the expected message, took my departure with many regrets at missing the 'fun' which still remained on my hostess's programme."

## He Sat Down.

The curtain had gone down on the first act, when a bullet-headed man, who had come in ten minutes late and disturbed a dozen people to get to a seat, got up. It was time for refreshments. He had been in there twenty-two minutes by the watch, and was suffering untold agonies for a glass of bitter. He started to put on his overcoat, when the strange lady at his side enquired:

"Going out?"

"Yes, madam."

"Coming back after you've had a drink?"

"Ye-yes, madam."

"Well, I came prepared. I have two bottles, one containing Scotch and the other beer. Which will you take?"

"W-w-what!" he stammered, as he looked down upon her with bulging eyes; and gradually his arms fell, and he dropped into his seat with a thud that jarred everybody in the row.—"Pick-Me-Up."

## Canada's Winter Resort

The Famous  
"St. Catharines Well"

The great specific for rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, sciatica and nervous troubles.

## THE WELLAND

fitted with modern bath system, massage, static electricity, under charge of skilled physician and attendants. Roof sun parlor, promenade. Rooms with telephones, private baths, amusement-rooms, gymnasium. Apply—

Malcolmson Bros., St. Catharines,  
or Grand Trunk Railway Agents.

## Windsor

Here and there is a grocer who doesn't sell Windsor Salt, but such cases are rare. No grocer anywhere can possibly buy a better salt than "Windsor," in its great purity, whiteness, dryness. Ask your grocer why he doesn't sell it.

## Salt

Best grocers sell it

THE  
DOMINION BREWERY CO.  
LIMITED

## BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of  
the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL  
JUBILEE and  
INDIA PALE... ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.



## A Canadian Nobleman.

THE English papers contain particulars of one of the most remarkable cases of fraud that have occupied the time of the law courts for some years, and which has just been brought to an end at the Leeds Assizes, when James Albert Marston, a clerk, was convicted of obtaining £3,127 10s by false pretences, and was sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

In 1898 there appeared in a weekly paper an article headed "The Coming Richest Man in the World." It described how a San Francisco multi-millionaire hermit willed all his possessions to his male successor, who would be found in England. Lawyers misapprehended the vast estate and were imprisoned for the crime, and then the rightful heir was discovered and the hermit's mansion explored. Down a trap-door into a mysterious passage the way led to a large room lined with gold ingots, to another filled with bags of gold dust and to a massive iron door which bore a warning that a person forcing it was liable to death. The door was opened by chemicals, the death-trap—a deep pit—was bridged, and further on was found a gold mine of countless worth.

The article went on to say that the heir was "still scratching with his pen," but shortly would enter upon a large estate in Devonshire which had "been secured for him by the Government," and that the Queen had "already intimated her intention of making him a peer of the realm as soon as the world was acquainted with the information."

The prospective Croesus was James Albert Marston, at that time earning 30s a week as a merchant's clerk in a Sheffield house. A tall, handsome, fairly-educated man, he found no difficulty in acting the part of the owner of millions. He showed to his friends copies of the will and documents purporting to entitle him to a fabulous yearly income, an estate in "Ontario, United States," half the size of Ireland, and vast quantities of diamonds and rubies.

He told them he was entitled to boundless wealth, signed letters "Albert, the future Lord Sverston" and "Marston, K. G.," wore a ring which he said had been sent as a token of good will by Lord Minto, the Governor-General of Canada, pretended to be purchasing a £12,000 steam yacht, and showed them a draft of £50,000,000 and a bill of exchange for £50,000,000, this money, according to his statement, having been forwarded by his Canadian agents. He retired from business, installed a telephone, a valet, a private secretary, bought horses, guns, and furred coats, and was attended by a retinue of favorites anxious to please. To some of them he promised "staff" appointments—the boots at the largest hotel in the city was to have the position of butler at £2,000 a year, and his doctor was to have £1,500.

All this meant money, and to keep off his creditors he borrowed on the strength of his "expectations." Sums from £5 to £250 were lent freely by his friends, who believed his promises implicitly. One man advanced as much as £3,120, another £420, and many lent smaller sums. The largest creditor, Mr. Thomas Eastwood of Chesterfield, once received from Marston cheques for £10,000 and £150,000, but he was asked to return them for "re-endorsement." Marston's accounts showed a deficiency of £5,307, and he had been living at the rate of £1,000 a year.

One of the most curious points about the story is the methods by which Marston duped Eastwood. On one occasion he wrote: "Rest assured that for every pound I have had from you the same will be repaid at the rate of £5,000 for every pound, and an annuity to each of your children of £10,000 to accumulate to their years of discretion."

Later, Marston wrote: "I have already signed half a million a year for your natural life, irrespective of your stipend, while in my service."

Marston lived in a house of which the rent was 6s per week, yet Eastwood believed him when he said that the Home Secretary and the Duke of Norfolk were coming to dine at his house.

The judge, in passing sentence, said prisoner had been convicted on clear evidence. Whatever the original story was, he took advantage of it and made untrue statements to Eastwood, who was a gentleman easily taken in.

## All Kinds of Kisses.

A SERIOUS book, on a frivolous subject, by an eminent scholar—such is "The Kiss and Its History." It has been translated into English from the Danish of Dr. Christopher Nyrop, professor of romance philology in the University of Copenhagen, by William Frederick Harvey of Oxford, and, according to the preface, has also been translated into German, Swedish and Russian, and has gone through two editions in Denmark. Verily, the history of the kiss is a matter of universal interest. Dr. Nyrop presents in the volume but little personal opinion; rather he contents himself with weaving together proverbs of all peoples of all times on the subject of kissing, and gives, in addition, quotations from the poets who have rhymed of kisses—and they are no small number! For his quotations he has hunted in out-of-the-way places, and has sought them among the masses as well as the classes. For instance, the ladies of Germany have the poetical saying that "a kiss without a beard is like Vespa without the Magnificat," but the milkmaids of Jutland express a like idea by the rough-hewn proverb that "kissing a fellow without a quid of tobacco and a beard is like kissing a clay wall." That kisses are naughty the Italians deny, saying "that a mouth is none the worse for having been kissed," while the French proverb runs: "Bah! two kisses. What of that? They are exchanged like bullets that miss the mark, and honor is satisfied," and even cooler-blooded races agree to that, saying "a kiss can be washed off," though to this proverb there is a corollary which runs: "A kiss may indeed be washed away, but the fire in the heart cannot be quenched." Of stolen kisses there are many proverbs. "One returns a stolen kiss," say the honest Germans, and the Spanish have the same idea: "Do not thy mother chide thee for having given me a kiss? Then take back, dear girl, thy kiss, and bid her hold her tongue." The learned author casts a glance at the proper number of kisses that ought to be bestowed at one time, and a page or two lightly touches the doubtful subject of "the topography of the kiss." Again, the various kinds of kisses—those cool and tender, or ones like those of Hafiz, whose mistress was

afraid that "his too hot kisses would char her delicate lips," or those which leave marks behind, against which Archibald warned Lycas in a letter—"Oh, suffer no young girl to print the mark of her teeth on your neck"—these are all treated. Of such tenor is the book, exhaustive almost, it would seem, of the possibilities of the subject—on paper.

## Saved From the Grave.

What T. C. Marsh Says Dodd's Kidney Pills Did for Him.

Story of a Nova Scotia Man who had Almost Given Up Hope of ever being Well Again.

Central Economy, N.S., Jan. 12.—(Special.)—"I feel as if Dodd's Kidney Pills had saved me from the grave," is the way T. C. Marsh of this place talks of those wonderful exterminators of the pains and aches arising from Diseased Kidneys. And Mr. Marsh should know whereof he speaks. He was under the doctor's care for Kidney Complaint for some time, and, despite their efforts, continued to grow worse. He was almost in despair when a friend advised him to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. In such a severe case the progress towards recovery was naturally slow, but he persevered, and now he feels justified in using the strong words quoted above. Mr. Marsh thus describes his case:

"I was under the doctor's care, but didn't seem to get any better, only worse. I was advised by a friend to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. After I had used them for a time I began to feel a difference, and I never stopped till I had used 22 boxes. I suppose I still have to use something as long as I live, but I feel as if Dodd's Kidney Pills had saved me from the grave.

"I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to everyone because of what they have done for me."



"And is he married yet?"  
"No, beaded—and a mighty good thing it is for his wife."—From "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday."

## Why He Clipped.

I saw him take the paper, and  
Turn to the household page,  
Then scan the columns up and down,  
As one who all would gauge.

"Ah!" he muttered to himself,  
"Here's 'How to Make Rice Fritters,'  
And 'How to Utilize Cold Beef,'  
And 'Home-made Stomach Bitters.'"

Then from his pocket forth he took  
A pair of scissors small,  
And severed from the printed page  
The helpful hints and all.

He clipped "The Way to Scramble Eggs,"  
And "How to Make Peach Butter,"  
As well as half a dozen more.  
"That's all"—again his mutter.

"A thoughtful man," at once I mused,  
"A man who cares for things;  
Who loves the calm, contented song  
The home tea-kettle sings."

"Do you," I asked, "preserve those notes  
So that your wife may eye them?"  
"Not much," he growled, "I cut them out  
So she won't get to try them."  
—Chicago "Inter-Ocean."

## Comet Too Strong.

(After the Theater.)

Appreciative Young Thing — Fairly he a darling! Isn't he just too lovely for everything? Didn't he play that part exquisitely?

Unappreciative ol—not quite so Young Thing—Oh, he played fairly well.

Appreciative Young Thing — Fairly well? Why, he's the star of the company, dear.

Appreciative Young Thing — Fairly if he is a star, it doesn't follow that he's a Heavenly body for all that.

## HOW CAUSTIC BURNS.

Take a piece of woollen cloth, or a piece of a blanket, and boil it thoroughly in a strong solution of caustic soda, and you will find the wool will gradually be eaten away, leaving nothing but the skeleton. Women do not realize how "soap substitutes," which are generally surcharged with soda, or how common alkaline soaps destroy their clothing; consequently they, week by week, subject costly fabric to such treatment. The hands also are immersed for hours in such solutions, resulting in eczema, coarse skin, and brittle nails. The caustic soda may loosen the dirt, but it eats away the fabric and ruins the hands. There is no economy in such work. It is so easy for a woman to test the difference between an alkali charged soap and a neutral washing soap, that it is strange that there is room for any but a pure soap on the Canadian market. Sunlight Soap has been tested by chemists and analysts the world over, and its freedom from free alkali or caustic has been demonstrated by the highest medical authorities. Consequently the true saying, "Sunlight Soap reduces expenses." 602.

Equality of the sexes means for the woman a step down.

## CORRESPONDENCE COUPON

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. Letters will be answered in their order unless under special circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 2. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 3. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Violin.—Many thanks for good wishes, and a Happy New Year to you. Your writing is full of magnetism, force and well directed energy, good temper, persistence, clear and logical sequence of ideas, and much pleasant tact and sympathy. You are a Taurus child, but have some of the characteristics of the brilliant, self-sufficient and indomitable Aries also, because you have just emerged from the April influences. You have hope and ambition and will probably be a success as a musician, and have a gift, and at the same time great practical enterprise. I have not yet had time to read Barrie's last, but certainly must, as I am devoted to his writings. They bring with the greatest pain the death of a child.

Rea.—I do not find that public Bible study appeals to me in the slightest. Not that I am at all indifferent to the Bible. It is certainly the most interesting book I have ever studied, and I find interest grows with years, but the person you quote is studying it as I did over a score of years ago, and I should feel about as silly following him to-day as if I were to enter a kindergarten class. Not that he isn't reaching students and doing them lots of good, but simply that he doesn't interest me. You just keep right on, and allow your own mind to work out its own way, and be original. I think one of the most inspiring things is to suddenly let in light upon some obscure or expression which wasn't luminous before and think that your own consideration was the means of brightening it up. Half a spoonful of tonic of that sort is worth a gallon from the fountain of another mind. Did you only write to ask me if I'd attended that class, or did you wish your writing studied? You don't say anything about the latter.

Boragood.—Now, if this drink you gently draw, through a long and slender straw, you will find there is more in it than you thought of at the minute, when you gently start to draw it through a straw. Whoop, boys! There's a graphological study calculated to make you all the hundred and ten rules and send them scattering endways! Really, I feel as if I can hear the linking and the insinuating stuff gurgling down into my astonished inside, which, being ruled by the diet regime, may only long and not taste. I take refuge, with the best dressed envelope, which says that you have a very dominant and constant force, are a level-headed and very careful and satisfactory in work. You are practical, clever and methodical, have no objection to sentiment, by which you are often influenced, have also some taste for art, facility of expression, a fine sense of relative values and a good opinion of yourself. Be careful of one thing, your tendency may be to overdo things, paint the lily, so to speak. A wise restraint and discretion is always useful.

Greta.—Don't bother about it. I quite agree with you that it is abominable that you should have been made to suffer in that way, but cheer up; there are others. Just for your encouragement, I'll tell you that I've had somewhat similar troubles, which you, I was powerless to resist. But, Greta, my woman, I sat tight and endured it, and the Lord has taken care of me, and your knee, so to speak, and is spanking them good and hard, so that I sometimes almost weak enough to be sorry for their vicious and dangerous as they are. I feel how inadequate any discipline I could have administered would have been, when I look at the mischief your wicked folk will some day get their pinks. (You have Scripture for it, if you are in doubt.) Glad you are so accurate. Now, don't worry.

Elbb.—March 29th, just at the stirring of the forces of nature, may have touched you with unrest. You have a "what do you think of yourself?" God help all those who are! You have most excellent traits in your writing, which is a ravishing, receptive, gentle but persistent, clear and reasonable in thought, very fond of beauty and occasionally showing practical aims. You have an enterprising spirit of your birthright, and of the element (fire) you are a girl, though there is no marked sex quality in your writing. A great and evident desire to rise and soar without quite definite aims is suggested by some of your final.

Ruth.—Dear little girl, I return your good wishes most gratefully, and you also had a very merry Christmas and happy New Year. So you were once a Toronto girl and now have gone to the pretty seat of government? Your month is under one of the elusive double signs, Pisces, the fishes. These people are almost always the silent, quiet, unobtrusive, whose tracks are imperceptible. They are jovial and companionable sometimes, but not in their strongest development. A Pisces person has a possibility of secretive reserve which is almost incredible. Also the March babies are unduly sensitive, nervous, and somewhat unduly depreciative of their own strength. Your writing is not dreadful. Ruthie, it is very honest and true, but it seems to me quite too undeveloped, and a satisfactory study, so I'll just beg you to wait.

Rob Roy.—This is a strong and somewhat touchy Scotch thistle, with marked individuality and tenacity. The mind is bright but not peaceful; there is a lack of harmony and sweetness, and a tendency to nervous crankiness often seen in strong natures. The spirit is likely to be high and the whole system over-strained. It is a type of Scotch character one often sees, with independence, a good deal of reserve, and a tendency to intensity. This is a self-centered, somewhat obstinate and generally pessimistic study; careful, self-sufficient and very decided in expression of opinion. I am sorry to say the month of your birth is under the double sign Gemini, which accounts for the inharmonious impression of your study. Good looks, always seen with June people, especially if they have or lack them themselves. It is one of the weaknesses to lead them, and to neglect other more important down. You ask me to discover your predominant failing. It is lack of patient, wise, hopeful self-discipline.

Ernest.—You say you'll never see me because you live in Birmingham and I in Toronto. Know, then, my English friend, that I to have been in Birmingham, and quite recently, in that pretty Edgbaston part, you know, among the trees. The sentence, "I have no time to write," for I've none vacant. I'd had the catch a good while ago. And as for your character, 'tis good of its kind; full of sound, generous, honest, and energetic, some sentiment, excellent temper, hope and good cheer, with ambition, but no marked egotism, and with a clear, methodical, cautious and with always a good eye to the main chance. You love the good things and soft corners, small blame to you!

Vienna.—So you're an August baby. Well, there are two kinds—the one sleek, well-favored, purring, home-lover, content and material, with minor not above the average and ambitions bounded by immediate affairs. The house-cats of the wonderful sign, Leo. Then there are

others, almost, I fancy, your kind—quick, alert, restless, critical, sharp-tongued, and sharp-tongued, inconsistent, rapacious, exacting and liable to achieve great heights or sink to terrible depths. The August woman of this type is neither to be led nor bound. Her mind has vagrant instincts—sometimes it is Leonine, magnificent, imperial; sometimes it is skulking, desperate, piratical, the lane cat of Leo's children, and out-cast finally. Now, Vienna, you see your possibilities. There is no sign better worth building up and keeping up. Tyrone.—None pleased me more. Thanks for the good word, the enclosure and all. Did you get the shadow?

## Lung Weakness

Is Due to Poor and Watery Blood.

That is Why Some People Cannot Get Rid of a Cough, and Why It Develops Into Consumption.

The lungs are just like any other portion of the body—they need a constant supply of pure, rich blood to keep them sound and strong. If the lungs are not strong they are unable to resist disease, and that is the reason why an apparently simple cold clings until the patient grows weaker and weaker and finally fills a consumptive's grave. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills never fail to strengthen the lungs, because they make the new, rich, red blood which alone can do this work. The most emphatic proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills rebuild the lungs and cure consumption in its earlier stages is given in the case of Miss Blanche Durand of St. Edmund, One. Miss Durand says: "In the month of September, 1901, I was visiting at the home of an uncle at L'Assomption. One day we were out boating I got my feet wet and caught cold. The cold seemed to cling to me, and when I returned home about the end of September I was quite ill. I was quite feverish, had no appetite, and the cough seemed to exhaust me. I began doctoring, but did not get any better, and in January, 1902, the doctor told me that my lungs were affected, and that I was in consumption. At this time a friend who had come to see me advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I sent for six boxes. The pills soon began to help me, as, little by little, the cough grew less severe, my appetite became better, my strength returned, and I began to have a healthy color. I used eight boxes of the pills, and was then fully recovered. I am sure that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I shall always speak gratefully of them."

Such cases as these tell better than mere words the power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They cure all constitutional weakness because they go right to the root of the trouble and build up the blood. That is why they never fail to cure rheumatism, lumbago, kidney and liver troubles, headaches, backaches, indigestion, biliousness, and all other blood diseases. Sold by all dealers, or sent, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont. Substitutes are sometimes offered, but you can always protect yourself by seeing that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around every box.

## Legislation on Osculation.

KISSING will have to be done surreptitiously in Virginia, or those who kiss may be guilty of a misdemeanor and punished by a fine of five dollars for each smack—that is, if a bill recently introduced in the Virginia Legislature becomes a law. The author of the unique measure in question is Dr. R. B. Ware, a physician in good standing, who, like many other doctors, is firmly convinced that osculation spreads disease. Briefly, the provisions of the bill require that persons who insist upon kissing shall obtain a physician's certificate pronouncing them free from all contagious and infectious maladies. The text of the bill is as follows: "Whereas, kissing has been decided by the medical profession to be a medium by which contagious and infectious diseases are transmitted from one person to another, and whereas the prohibiting of such an offence will be a great preventive to the spreading of such diseases as pulmonary tuberculosis, diphtheria, and many other dangerous diseases, therefore, be it enacted by the General Assembly of Virginia, that it shall be unlawful for any person to kiss another unless he can prove by his family physician that he hasn't any contagious or infectious disease. 2. If physician testifies that the defendant has weak

A teaspoonful in a glass of water and you get a draught of

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Get in good condition for the trying winter days—take a nature's tonic that aids digestion—that acts gently on the bowels—that cleanses the system—that keeps the blood rich—the circulation perfect—and the nerve centres keyed to the right tone—and the whole anatomy aglow with the fire and the vigor of good health.

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At all druggists, price 35 cents and 75 cents.

"My wife, far gone in consumption, has received more benefit from your Lung Tonic than from any other medicine she has taken."  
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lunge he shall be found guilty of a misdemeanor, and the same penalty shall be imposed as if he had some contagious or infectious disease. 3. Any person violating the provisions of the first and second provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and fined not less than one dollar nor more than five dollars for each offence." Commenting on this unique bill, the New York "Sun" says: "Dr. Ware seems to regard kissing as a masculine indulgence. But kissing loses half its satisfaction if not reciprocated. As well smack a Parian statue as a lass who would not kiss back. The learned doctor must know this, and therefore he will amend his bill to cure the oversight. As it stands now, the gentle sex may osculate at will regardless of hygiene, but man must refrain. Fathers must not kiss their children or lovers the maidens of their choice, unless they are free from the suspicion of infectious or contagious disease. We see Cupid in tears with his arrows broken, and the occupation of the amatory poets gone."

Mrs. Hatterson—I gave my husband an awful lecture yesterday. Mrs. Cutterson—Did he heed it? "No. But I did."

Arrangements have been completed by the Passenger Department of the Grand Trunk Railway System whereby their annual travelling picture exhibit that has created such favorable comment throughout the United States in the past will start out on a three months' tour on February 1. The itinerary of the trip covers some of the principal Southern and Middle States, and includes the following cities: Atlanta, Ga.; Birmingham, Montgomery and Mobile, Ala.; New Orleans, La.; Houston, San Antonio and Dallas, Tex.; Memphis, Nashville, Chattanooga and Knoxville, Tenn.; Richmond, Va.; Harrisburg, Reading and Williamsport, Pa.; Elmira, Binghamton and Utica, N.Y. The tour is so arranged that the exhibit will be on view at New Orleans, La., during the Mardi Gras Festival, which this year takes place on February 22, 23 and 24. The exhibit will be composed of more than one hundred of the large Grand Trunk advertising pictures, illustrating the several summer resort districts located on the line of their railway, and including the well-known regions situated in the Highlands of Ontario, the several resorts located in the White Mountains of New England, and the bathing beaches on the coast of Maine. In addition to these there will be a series of mounted fish native to the waters of Canada, including black bass, muskellunge, wall-eyed pike (dore), brook trout, and other varieties. An official of the Grand Trunk stated that, judging from past experience with this exhibit, that during this tour it is expected between two and three hundred thousand people will view the pictures; and this novel way of bringing the many beautiful resorts of Canada before the tourists of this continent has been the means of attracting thousands of people to the Dominion who otherwise would probably spend their summer holidays in

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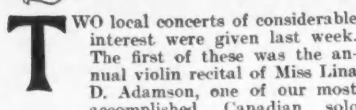
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other directions. A representative of the Grand Trunk will accompany the exhibit, and handsome illustrated descriptive publications regarding the several resorts will be distributed gratuitously at each point visited.



Mr. Herbert, who is an Irishman by birth and a grandson of Samuel Lover, the famous Irish novelist, is delightful in his warm hospitality and refined taste, being ever in evidence. Another feature of musical life in New York is the series of recitals and refining influence contained in the work of the eminent English organist, Edwin Lemare, whose free recitals at Carnegie Hall on Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoons are attended by thousands of music-lovers. Already the attendance at these recitals has reached a record. The organist who has the great organist, the late Frederic Archer held the same appointment. Both Mr. Herbert and Mr. Lemare are warm admirers of the younger school of British composers, and spoke enthusiastically concerning recent works by Elgar, Pitts and Elgar, and Grieg, whose "Pavane" and "Orchestral Variations," and Pitts' symphonic poem, "Francesca and Paolo," are in the repertoire of the or-

A programme of more than usual interest was given at the Toronto Junction College of Music last Thursday night by Dr. Anderson of St. Andrew's Church. Miss Pearl O'Neil, reader; Miss Maze Bingham, soprano, and Mr. J. D. Richardson, baritone. Dr. Anderson was enthusiastically applauded, and as the college has the only pipe organ in the town, his part of the programme attracted a number of lovers of organ music. Miss

ist. The choral numbers are nearly new and especially delightful, including several works sung for the first time in America, such as "Champagnerlied" (champagne song), by Henry Hofman "My Love's In Germany" (Von Othegraven), and a humorous novelty, the "Mongolian Idyll" by Stevenson, repr-

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Russian Sable Set, 4-skin scarf, with natural head, tails and paws, and muff to match, regular price \$650, for... \$575  
Natural Russian Sable Flat Stole, with 19 tails, muff to match, was \$400, for... \$375  
1 Russian Sable Boa, 105 inches long, with natural paws and tails, \$250, reduced to... \$215  
1 Four-Skin Hudson Bay Sable Scarf, with natural paws and tails, regular \$100, for... \$85  
1 Ermine Stole, with mink tail trimmings, was \$75, for... \$50  
Imperial Muff to match, was \$35, for... \$27.50  
1 Plain Ermine Stole, long, was \$100, for... \$85  
Round Muff to match, was \$25, for... \$20  
1 Flat Chinchilla Stole, \$65, for... \$55  
Muff to match, \$45, for... \$35

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### Social and Personal.

**M**RS. RODERICK J. PARKE will hold her post-nuptial reception on Friday, January 23, at her mother, Mrs. George D. Dickson's, residence, 16 Howland avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Henry Macmillan of Oshawa have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Evelyn Lenore, and Mr. James Alfred Mills of Toronto, on Wednesday, January 21, at four o'clock, in St. George's Church, Oshawa, with a reception afterwards at Elm Grove.

Mrs. Walter Lugsdin of 9 Powell avenue, Rosedale, will in future receive on the first and fourth Mondays, instead of Tuesdays, as formerly.

I can recommend lovers of industrial art to inspect the Canadian folk-work now on exhibition at the Woman's Art Rooms, in Confederation Life Building.

The Poster Show was a great success, both financially and artistically, and the Western Hospital is one thousand dollars the better for it. As the usual courtesies were not extended to me editorially, I am sorry to say the duty and pleasure of receiving a personal impression on which to frame an account slipped my memory, and the show was over before I recalled the fact of its being held.

The Toronto Conservatory String Quartette gave a very enjoyable evening of classical music on Wednesday, listened to by a nice audience, not, however, at all as large as it should have been, for these concerts are real treats.

Mrs. Cawthra gave a dance at Guiseley House, Rosedale, on Thursday night.

Mr. Bowen, Miss Ellie Osler's "futura" is on his way from England. Their marriage takes place this month.

Mrs. Street and the Misses Street of Walmer road, with the Misses E. and H. Boulton, sail for England next Wednesday.

Mrs. William B. Milliken (nee Passmore) will receive in her new home, 63 Harvard avenue, Parkdale, on Friday afternoon, January 23.

A quiet wedding was solemnized in St. John's Church, Harwood, at high noon on Wednesday, January 7, 1903, when Miss Emma J. Drope, eldest daughter of Mr. James Drope, Harwood, and Mr. J. Edward Fisher, organist and choir-master of the Methodist Church, Cobourg, were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George Field, Gore's Landing. The church was very prettily decorated by the young people of Harwood for the happy occasion. The bride looked charming in a becoming fawn tailor-made suit, with blouse of cream silk and hat to match. She was attended by Miss Sadie Donaldson as maid of honor. Miss Donaldson wore a navy blue cloth skirt, cream silk blouse, and blue hat trimmed with white. The groomsmen were Mr. Will Drope, brother of the bride, Mr. Jack Townsend of the Dominion Bank, Cobourg, performed the duties of organist most efficiently, playing the "Bridal March" from "Lohengrin" and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The happy couple left at four o'clock on their wedding trip.

The San Francisco "Call" announces the engagement of Miss Beatrice Berdan, daughter of Mr. F. C. Berdan, to Mr. Henry Exley Routh, son of the late Captain Percy G. Routh of Toronto. Mr. Routh is engaged in the sealing industry in San Francisco.

Miss Mabel S. Hicks entertained a number of her musical friends at a chuch party last Wednesday evening at her studio in Wilson avenue, Parkdale. The studio was very prettily decorated with holly, palms, flags and other Christmas decorations, while the supper-table looked very pretty, done in pink and green.

Mrs. Goldman of 398 Sherbourne street is giving an afternoon tea on Wednesday, January 21.

The marriage of Miss Ada Cayley, daughter of Mr. Frank Cayley, to Mr. Hugh Strickland, mining engineer, of Salt Lake City, takes place very quietly at St. George's Church to-day. Mr. Strickland is the son of Mr. Rowland Strickland of Lakefield, and is a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston.

Mrs. Henry Totten entertained a number of ladies at afternoon tea on Wednesday at her home in the Queen's Park. The tea was as enjoyable as informal, and the ladies paid little visits to the invalid master of the house in the library, and were glad to hear that he is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell of 96 St. George street left for the South last week. They were seen off by their daughter, Mrs. Broughall, Mr. Broughall and their splendid little grandson, one of the handsomest of the many handsome babies of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Brock are settled at 4049 Dorchester street, Montreal.

Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia, and Lady Borden and Miss Borden were in town on Thursday. Colonel Turner, United States Consul at Ottawa, was also in town. The Minister and the Consul came up for the Anglo-Saxon Union banquet.

The first public at home of the Toronto School of Physical Culture and Expression will be held at the ladies' gymnasium, Simpson Hall, 734 Yonge street, on Friday next, January 23rd. All interested will be welcomed between 4.30 and 8 o'clock. The work will be illustrated by the pupils.

The "Twelfth Night party" given by Mr. and Mrs. E. Clouston in Montreal was one of the smartest and best dance of the season. After the dance proper and supper, which were in the most perfect form, the lights were low-

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### Social and Personal.

The Engineers' dance, of which Major Lang was the successful host, took place with great éclat on Friday, January 9, in the gym, which was profusely decorated and hung with pennants, until its severe outlines were quite ameliorated. I should like to see some reflectors above the many gasoliers, to throw more light down upon the dance, as the galleries now get the best share of it. The committee really did their utmost to make everything happy for the guests, and, judging by the appearance of the festive

scene when the quadrille of honor was formed, they succeeded admirably. As usual, the boys who don't know better dashed in at intervals among the patronesses and their partners in the last figure of the dance, but I am glad to remark that some of the better bred and better trained young folks confined their performance to the general sets, and were more respectful to their elders' trains and bodies. A "Sanford" theater party came in about eleven, radiant and jovial, and I saw some of them enjoying a waltz later on. At supper the patronesses had the "round table," with pretty quartette tables for those who could not find room. Lady Kirkpatrick looked unusually well in a plain black velvet gown, with deep hanging sleeves, with diamonds and pearls in her coiffure. Mrs. Sweny wore white satin. Mrs. Otter looked very well in black, with lace and jewels. Mrs. Buchanan and the jolly colonel were also guests, and Miss Buchanan came in after the theater. Major and Mrs. Nelles, Major and Mrs. Carpenter, Captain Kay, Mr. Douglas Young, Mr. Bowen were some of the Stanley Barracks contingent who were at the dance. Major and Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Sutton came in after the play. Mrs. Nordheimer was beautifully gowned and looked very handsome. The Misses Nordheimer were among the dancers. Space quite fails me to enumerate the many scores of young people, the Varsity savants and their wives, who kindly lent their patronage and presence. Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Osborne, were among the guests. I heard that winsome Miss Millward, from the Princess, was also expected, but I did not see her pretty face there. Mr. Harold Gowski was an able secretary, and the corps may plane themselves upon another successful annual dance. The floor and music were good.

Mrs. Riddell of Walmer road has sent out cards for a tea on next Friday, January 23. The debutante, Miss Elsie Riddell, will receive for the first time with her mother.

Mrs. W. de Leigh Wilson of Olttrim, at the pretty home on the corner of Walmer road and Bernard avenue is called, is giving a progressive on Friday, January 23, which is, I believe, the first anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson's marriage.

Mrs. Kirkland's tea was one of last week's jolliest festivities, and was a large and smart affair. I have never seen more lovely roses than were upon excellent things to tempt and ruin appetite were served by lovely girls. In a most chic and becoming red gown, Miss Pearl Macdonald was the smartest of all, and that is proud distinction, for the trio who assisted with her were the Misses Mackenzie of Benvenuto and Miss Gladys Nordheimer, who are always perfectly gowned, and they were matronized by the sweet and pretty young Mrs. Alice Mackenzie (nee Kirkland), in a lovely velvet gown, with lace and jewels. Mrs. Sanford, Mrs. Clifford Sutton and Mrs. Sutherland were out-of-town guests at this tea.

The postponement of Miss Henry's recital at Chudleigh was not announced to me in time to correct the notice inserted last week. I hear the fair "Anglaise" has been having a grand time down East, and that one heart at least has been laid at her feet.

Those who grumble at the dullness of this winter because many of the large dances have not been given, must eschew either the lesser matters of tea and sitting, or supper and scandal, for it seems as if the constant succession of teas, luncheons, dinners and suppers are unending. It is true that many a petit souper is given very confidentially down town, and I am not supposed to chronicle such, but they are being voted much jollier than dances by a good many smart folk, old and young.

The death of Miss Muttiebury at her home in Grenville street has touched many a heart whose owner knew and loved for her sterling worth dear old "Aunt Jane" these many years. Miss

Muttiebury was over seventy years of age, a difficult thing to realize when one recalls her able hand, her sensible head and her warm heart, all three ready for every good and kindly work.

Mrs. Mackenzie gave an informal tea at Benvenuto for Mrs. Hugh Sutherland last Friday, at which some old and new friends met the charming Winnipeg woman who is for a time in town. During the afternoon some fine music was given on the piano, set in a recess of the entrance hall. I believe Mrs. Mackenzie is contemplating a redecoration of her home from Florence by Mr. James, has been in a very subdued and Quakerlike plainness. If the present idea is carried out it will be an exceeding bright and cozy room henceforth.

Many thanks to the Engineers, who had the kind thought to put up a covered way from the road to the entrance of the gym on the night of their dance. Everyone appreciated it.

Mrs. McCarthy of Orangeville is visiting Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy. Lady Thompson, who recently lost her sister, has gone to Halifax. Mr. Clive Pringle is in town. Mrs. Charles Scadding is visiting Mrs. Crawford Scadding. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews and Miss Amo Osler have returned from Montreal. Mrs. McWhinney and Mrs. Willie Brown gave teas on Thursday.

The engagement of Miss Evelyn Marler of Montreal and Mr. Gerald Boulton, youngest son of the late D'Arcy Boulton of Toronto, is announced. Miss Marler will be remembered by many who enjoyed the golf tournament here last fall, and has, I believe, a warm friend in Mrs. Gordon Osler (nee Ramsay of Montreal), who will be one of many to give her welcome to Toronto.

A tiresome young pair won't give me leave to mention their engagement, but, as all their friends are quite aware of it, I don't feel as "repressed" as I otherwise should.

The marriage of Mr. Wallace Bruce and Miss Flossie Lamport was celebrated at the Lamport family residence on Tuesday afternoon, at half-past two o'clock. Rev. Dr. Thomas officiating. The young couple are very good-looking, and made a picture pair of lovers as they stood in the embowered room to plight their troth for life, before a smart company of relatives and friends. The bride wore a handsome white satin robe des noces, with lace and pearl trimmings, and her fair, sweet face was veiled in a voluminous cloud of tulle, caught with orange blossoms and white heather. The bride's bouquet was of lily of the valley and white roses. Her elder sister, Miss Lizzy Lamport, and Miss Helen Laidlaw were the bridesmaids, in white collenne, with bouquets of pink roses. Mr. Burnside Robinson, cousin of the groom, came up from Montreal to be best man, and Mr. Harry Martin and Mr. Edward Barker were ushers. The reception followed the ceremony, and the good wishes offered were sincere in the extreme, for the devotion of the young couple has been quite idyllic during their happy engagement. The dejeuner was very pretty set, and served from a buffet all white roses, delicate ferns and silver candelabra shaded in green, with soft music from an Italian orchestra floating through the house, which was beautifully done in pink roses, carnations and green wreathings. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce went away on their bridal journey by the afternoon train, the bride looking very pretty in a navy blue tailor-made gown, with chapeau to match, and trimmed with white birds. Mrs. Bruce of Beaverton, Mrs. Seabright (who are visiting Colonel and Mrs. Bruce), Mrs. and the Misses Mills of Guelph, Mr. and Mrs. Bendall of Cleveland, Mrs. Zealand of Hamilton, were some of the out-of-town guests at the happy event of Tuesday.

Mrs. Arthur T. Kirkpatrick gave a very beautiful tea on Tuesday at her home in Grange road, and received her guests in a toilette which admirably became her graceful and always quiet and elegant personality, the soft cream folds of voile, with touches of lace and pearls, and a coiffure parafait, being the ensemble of an attractive woman. Her two sisters, the Misses Homer-Dixon, with Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, Miss Cecil Nordheimer, Miss Gladys Nordheimer and Miss Mary Davidson, all gowned becomingly and wearing smart hats, assisted in the tea-room, where the two tea-tables were very prettily arranged with billows of white tulle, pink satin ribbons and smilax, with a crystal vase of exquisite roses in the center. A few of the guests were Lady Kirkpatrick of Clonsburn, Lady Mulock, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. John D. Hay, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, Mrs. Charles Denison, Mrs. Sweny of Robahall, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Cattanaeh, Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. Harry Wyatt, Mrs. Victor Williams, Mrs. Clifford Sutton, Mrs. Macculloch, Mrs. VanKoughnet, Mrs. Ridout, Mrs. George and Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Alexis Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Arthur E. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. Magann, Miss Cawthra and her guests, Miss Campbell-Renton, Mrs. Charlie Temple, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Charles O'Reilly, Mrs. Lorne Campbell, Mrs. Stewart Gordon, Mrs. Brough, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Miss DuMoulin, who is a guest at Glenedyth, and a very charming coterie of the hostess's Toronto girl friends.

Mrs. Stratton will receive next Tuesday afternoon in the Speaker's Chambers.

Mrs. Kerr of Rosedale gave a small tea on Tuesday to a smart little coterie of friends, and was assisted by Miss Kerr in the drawing-room, while Miss Augusta Hodgins, Mrs. George Burton, Miss Grace Atkin, Mrs. Archie Kerr (nee Wilkie) and Miss Urquhart, a Montreal visitor, presided over the tea-table, which was done in hyacinths and green, the shining mahogany reflecting some fine old silver and the softly-shaded candles veiled in green.

Miss Florence Blaikie of Bloor street gave a tea for her guest, Miss Rathbun of Deseronto on Tuesday to a number of girl friends. Two or three young matrons were present, and also several visitors in town, including Mrs. Jack Hedley of Nelson, Miss Marjorie Jones of Hamilton and Miss Chaplin of St. Catharines.

### Dog Worship.

If there exists a man or a woman who can own a pet dog without degenerating in intellect, I have got to meet the exceptional person, writes a contributor in an exchange. There is about these canine toys a mysterious force which is as occult in its origin as it is exasperating in its effect. If a fool becomes possessed of one of the little beasts he develops into a bigger fool than ever; if the owner is a person of brains he almost infallibly, and very rapidly, sinks several points in the intellectual scale. There is a certain house in which I was once a welcome dinner guest. My host was a fine talker, his wife a most intelligent woman. A veritable Paradise! But the serpent was at hand. It did not look particularly ophidian on its first appearance. It was simply a pug puppy, a comic and ridiculous little barrel-like body supported on four limp and staggerly legs. I rather liked it at first, but as it grew my affection diminished. Within a week or two of its advent it became the principal interest of my hostess' life. Books, art, sport, politics—no subject I could start had a chance at that table any more; the once delightful Sunday afternoon was given over to a by no means brief abstract and chronicle of the adventures of "Poddles" during the past week. It was the first case of dog-mania I had met and I thought it might pass, and give rational conversation a chance again. But it didn't pass—it spread, and infected the husband; and the week-to-week biographies of Poddles, instead of a solo, became a duet. Sometimes, in fleeting moments of sanity, when Poddles was out of the room, never if he was present, the talk would become rational, but it was infallibly checked in mid-career by the beast's waddling, grunting entrance hailed by a yell—I can use no milder word—of besotted admiration from wife, husband, or both: "Oh, look at her! Isn't she lovely!" and followed by a gabble of ungrammatical and mispronounced expressions of endearment supposed to be suited to her understanding.

My suffering from Poddles is no longer active. It has taken the negative form of avoiding the once-pleasant roof which shelters her. For at last—even the worm will turn sooner or later—I objected, openly and plainly, to the tyranny of Poddles. She was placed by her mistress on a cushion on the top of a whatnot at the window, "because she likes to bark at the cats." It is a well-frequented street, and cats are frequent. When, after an hour and a half of nerve-destrorying yelling I—politely, I hope—intimated that we had had perhaps enough of Poddles for that afternoon, my hostess was genuinely amazed at me. "She's only barking at the cats," she explained; and, in answer to my—again, I hope, courteous—rejoinder, said something to the effect that I must not interfere with "the mistress of the house," meaning, not herself, but Poddles. The phrase was meant as a humorous exaggeration, but it was the statement of a plain fact I had been too blind to see. Poddles was, and is, really the mistress of the house. I pass that way sometimes, but the door of my whilom Paradise is forever closed against me.



Reuben Fax, as the Postman in "The Bonnie Brier Bush," at the Grand Opera House next week. Mr. Fax is a Canadian by birth, a native of Brantford, who was reared in Woodstock. Mr. Fax is as well known in Australia as he is in Canada or the United States.

### Affection for a Pig.

When Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois was married he was in decidedly poor circumstances and his mother, an economical Quakeress, who was anxious to have him found a household, said to him: "Joseph, now that thee is married, thee must get thee a cow, a pig and a hive of bees." "I took mother's advice," relates Mr. Cannon; "I tried to milk the cow, but she kicked me over, and I had to give that up as a bad job. I tried to feed the calf, and it butted me all around the yard and tore my clothes nearly off. When the bees got ready to swarm, I thought I would go out among them like father used to do, and swarm them. The bees got among me; crawled up under my shirt, and stung me in a hundred different places, and I had to let them go. The only thing I could get along with at all was the pig. I could feed that, scratch its sides, and it would grunt. I got it good and fat and gave it away to a farmer. I didn't have the heart to kill it."

### Explained.

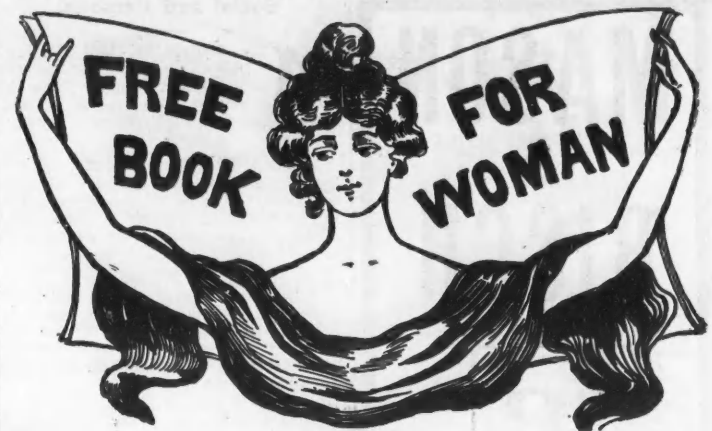
Local Manager—Your letter stated that you carried your own orchestra. Company Manager—We do—when he's too full to walk.—"Dramatic Mirror."

### Not That Kind.

Tragedian—I can't eat this bread, my dear. It's like lead.

Wife—Why, John, I thought you liked heavy rolls.—"Dramatic Mirror."

First Neighbor (savagely)—Why don't you stop your confounded dog barking so at night? Second Ditto—Why don't you go to sleep, then you wouldn't hear it?



## From A Friend of Womankind

who sympathizes with her in her sufferings, who pities her in her trials, and who rejoices with her in her happiness, comes this gift of a FREE BOOK. Its author, Dr. Sproule, the eminent specialist, understands in the fullest degree the tender sensitive nature of woman, and his appreciation of all that she is and all that she endures pervades every page. It is this very feature of the book that makes it so valuable to woman. When she reads it she feels that she is understood. What is life worth to a woman when sickness has robbed her of health and beauty? This is what has happened to many an affectionate, sensitive creature who fears that in the end she may also lose her most precious possession—the love of those who are nearest and dearest. Perhaps you yourself know this terrible anxiety. Perhaps you go on with your daily work, hiding your suffering from those about you, and smiling through your sorrow—a martyr as truly as any of the martyrs of old. Perhaps the weeks for you are made up of weary, restless nights and painful, dragging days. With aching back and overstrained nerves, worn out by sickness, overwork, worry, or pains that torture you at each period, life may indeed seem dark and dreary.

## To All Women Who Suffer

this work will bring a message of wonderful life and promise. If you suffer, Dr. Sproule wrote it for you! It will reveal to you the most valuable and comprehensive knowledge of the diseases of woman; it will disclose to you all the necessities and requirements of her wonderful organism; it will point out to you the road to health. The illustrations, showing the female organs as they appear in a healthy and in a diseased state, are unusually fine. They were drawn especially for this book by Dr. Sproule, whose long experience as a surgeon and a specialist has well fitted him for the work.

Dr. Sproule makes the generous offer of this free book because of his sincere compassion for women who suffer in any way, and because through it he trusts they may be restored to perfect health. He feels that if it helps you back to bodily soundness and happiness, he is well recompensed for all the labor that he put into the preparation of this work. Woman has always been regarded by him as the inspiration of all that is noblest, highest and best in this universe, and many hours of his busy life have been devoted to the relief of her troubles.

In friendliness and sympathy Dr. Sproule offers you this book free. Send for it to-day. Write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out and send to Specialist Sproule, 7 to 13 Doane St., Boston, and he will forward you the book.

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### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

**Births.**  
Panton—At Stratford, 12th January, Mrs. A. M. Panton, a son.  
Morris—Jan. 13, Toronto, Mrs. A. A. Morris, a son.  
Ross—Jan. 10, Montreal, Mrs. J. K. L. Ross, a son.  
Walker—Jan. 12, Toronto, Mrs. W. S. Walker, a daughter.  
Denison—Jan. 8, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Mrs. R. E. Denison, a daughter.  
Calvert—Dec. 21, Toronto, Mrs. Charles E. Calvert, a son.  
Mallagh—Jan. 10, Brantford, Ont., Mrs. W. J. F. Mallagh, a daughter.  
Smith—Jan. 10, Stouffville, Mrs. (Dr.) D. C. Smith, a daughter.

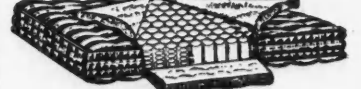
### Marriages.

Steward—Taylor—Jan. 7, Guelph, Edward B. Steward, to Violet N. Taylor.  
Heath—Chapelle—Jan. 7, Toronto, Franklin Chapelle to Ethel L. Heath.  
Parker—Baker—Jan. 10, Toronto, Arthur Deane Parker to Anne Georgina Baker.  
Andrews—Turner—Dec. 31, Sault Ste. Marie, W. C. Andrews to Susan Turner.  
Bruce—Lampert—Jan. 14, Toronto, William W. Bruce to Florence Lampert.  
West—Bourne—Jan. 14, Ernest George West to Ethel Mary Bourne.  
Deverell—Peaker—Jan. 14, Toronto, Arthur D. Deverell to Jean A. Peaker.

### Deaths.

Baker—Jan. 14, Toronto, Ella M. Baker, aged 21 years.  
Beal—Jan. 14, Toronto, Francis Carruth.

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